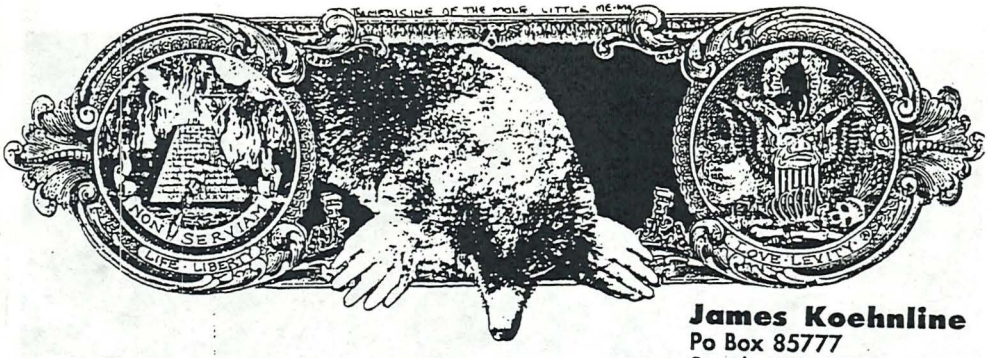
The Moorish Science Monitor

GRAND JUBILEE OCT. 1992 - OCT. 2002

WAKE UP AND DREAM

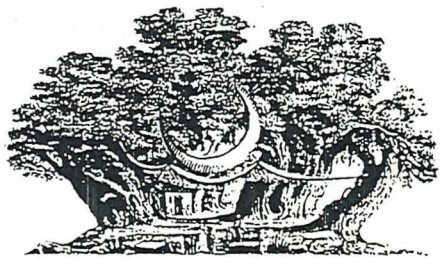


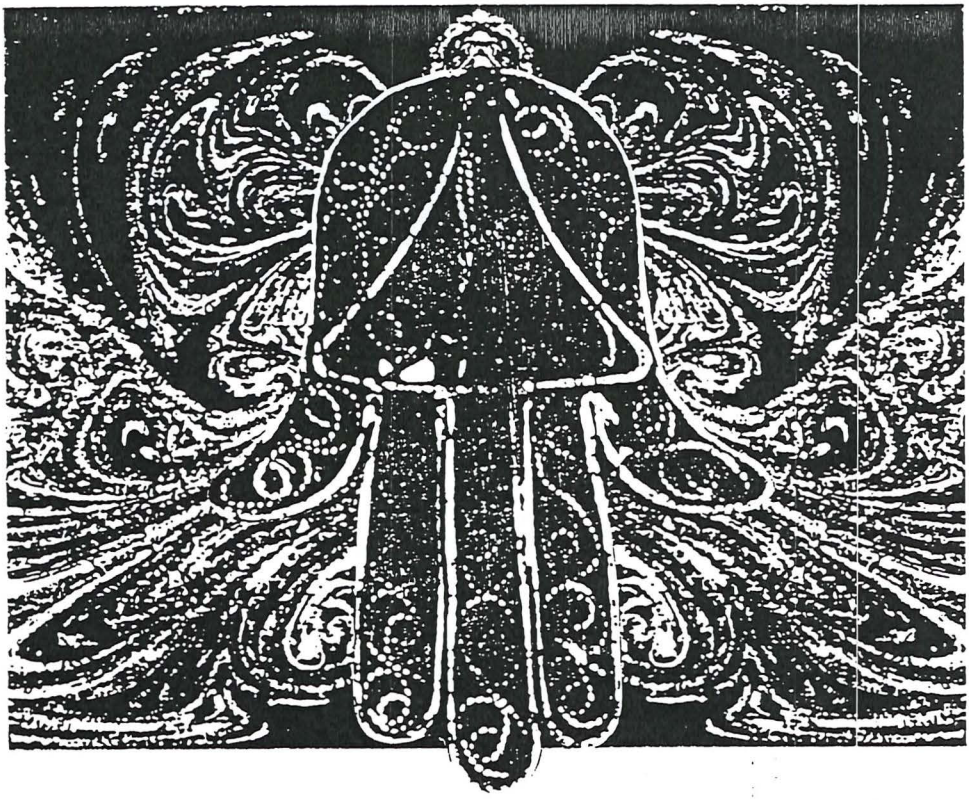
James Koehnline
Po Box 85777
Seattle WA 98145-1777
USA

EDITORIAL

MOORISH GARDENS OF THE HEART

The Empire of Lies stands exposed
The Chains of the Law are broken
The Grand Jubilee has begun !
If we imagine the ten year Jubilee as a single day,
the ten weeks that have passed would be about half an hour.
It's half past midnight
all is in darkness, unformed, unconscious
The Knights of Jubilation begin to take up their posts,
scattering far and wide on the home planet.
The first Autonomedia Calendar of Jubilee Saints has appeared
and is beginning to find its way into the subtle daily
rituals of key people across the land.
It hangs on the wall, quietly prodding,
whispering questions that want answers:
Who are you ?
What is your void ?
To what does your will tend ?
How do you realise yourself ?
By what force ?





Declare your attractions and repulsions.
Define your glory.
State the hierarchy of beings.
Name happiness.
Name sorrow.

To who or what do you make love in your daily rituals
and what do you <u>really</u> want ?
Through communion with the Saints of Jubilation
we gain access to the Medicine of the Mole, Little Me-Mo
who tends the Jubilee Garden from below
composting discarded clippings from the ridiculous topiary
of our history, stunted, tortured hedge,
forced into similacra of territorial gangsters on horseback
reinforced with concrete and barbed wire
while down below the Medicine Mole

is composting a truer mythology, a rich living soil,
microbial mat in which our Jubilee Garden will flourish.

Iused to think that we were making a life in the cracks
in the bulwark of Civilization,
but I'm beginning to believe that we <u>are</u> the cracks,
cracks in the concrete through which the humble grasses grow.
The memeseed of Jubilee is scattered abroad in the world,
and where it finds deep cracks it is able,
like certain varieties of bamboo,
to tear up a whole sidewalk or parking lot.
We are cracks in the cannibal caldron of civilization.
Will we not shatter it to bits and remake it nearer
to our heart's desires ?
One day these potsherds will lie amid
permacultural hypermedia Moorish Gardens.
The transformation has already begun.
The pages of this zine are impregnated with the Jubilee virus,
which causes the dis-ease which is the cure.
Your heart will flower and bear fruit in the body.
Wrapping its tendrils round the spinal column
it will mount to the brain, knock on the door
and invite you to come and play in the Garden.

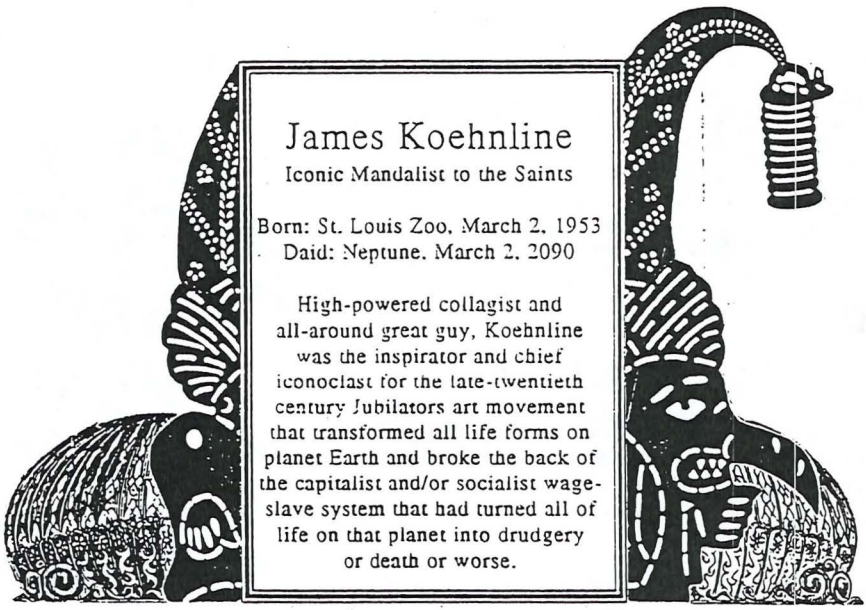
Scoff if you like. It doesn't matter.
My mission is successfully executed.
You have held these pages in your hands.
You may now enjoy this special issue of the Monitor
secure in the knowledge that you are a carrier.
By your straying your path finds you.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Bro. Harpocrates ben Ishmael-Bey

Friends, Moors and Fellow Travelers,

First of all I will admit that Bro. Koehnline's Editorial is rather lame. He tries to do with words what he does with images, but it rarely works. It really doesn't matter, however, as our movement is littered with master wordsmiths, literary giants and powerful bards. Still it's a shame that we have to begin our first Pacific Northwest issue of the MSM with such drivel, but JK wouldn't see reason, claimed that it was his duty to set the tone for the issue, since the whole thing was his idea in the first place, which it was. All I can do is urge you to try and read between the lines of mixed metaphors.

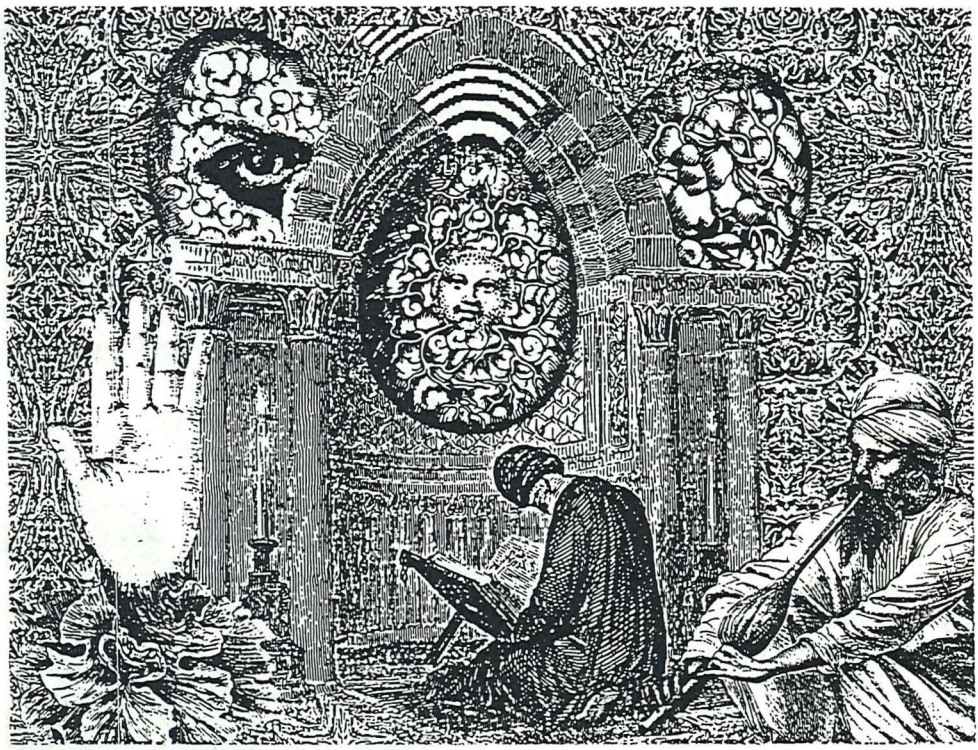


(later)

JK and I have just been "discussing" my apology on the previous page. He claims a superior knowledge of "word magic" and what he calls "the Medicine of the Mole". It seems that he has attempted to encode "the powerful Jubilee MemeVirus" into the substance and structure of his editorial. We shall see. The gist of it should be clear enough: We have to bring the Jubilee into being from the inside out, from subterranean depths to the sunlit surface (Veriditas, green mind, living soil, a microbial mat, web of dynamic interconnections, the density of which rivals the human brain. Saints as the seeds with which we plant our Jubilee Garden, which will grow and bear fruit only when we have created the right soil conditions [i.e., composted a truer mythology with the refuse of ten thousand years of civilization and the residues of half a million years of our cultures].)...which reminds me that we are planning a calendar of "saints" from the plant world for a few years from now. Let us know your thoughts on this and everything else.

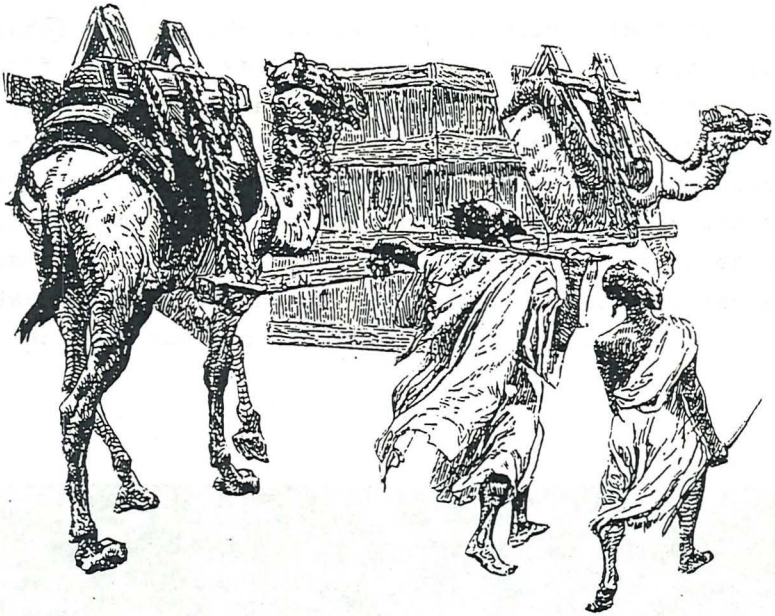
For Life, Love, Liberty and Levity,

Harpo

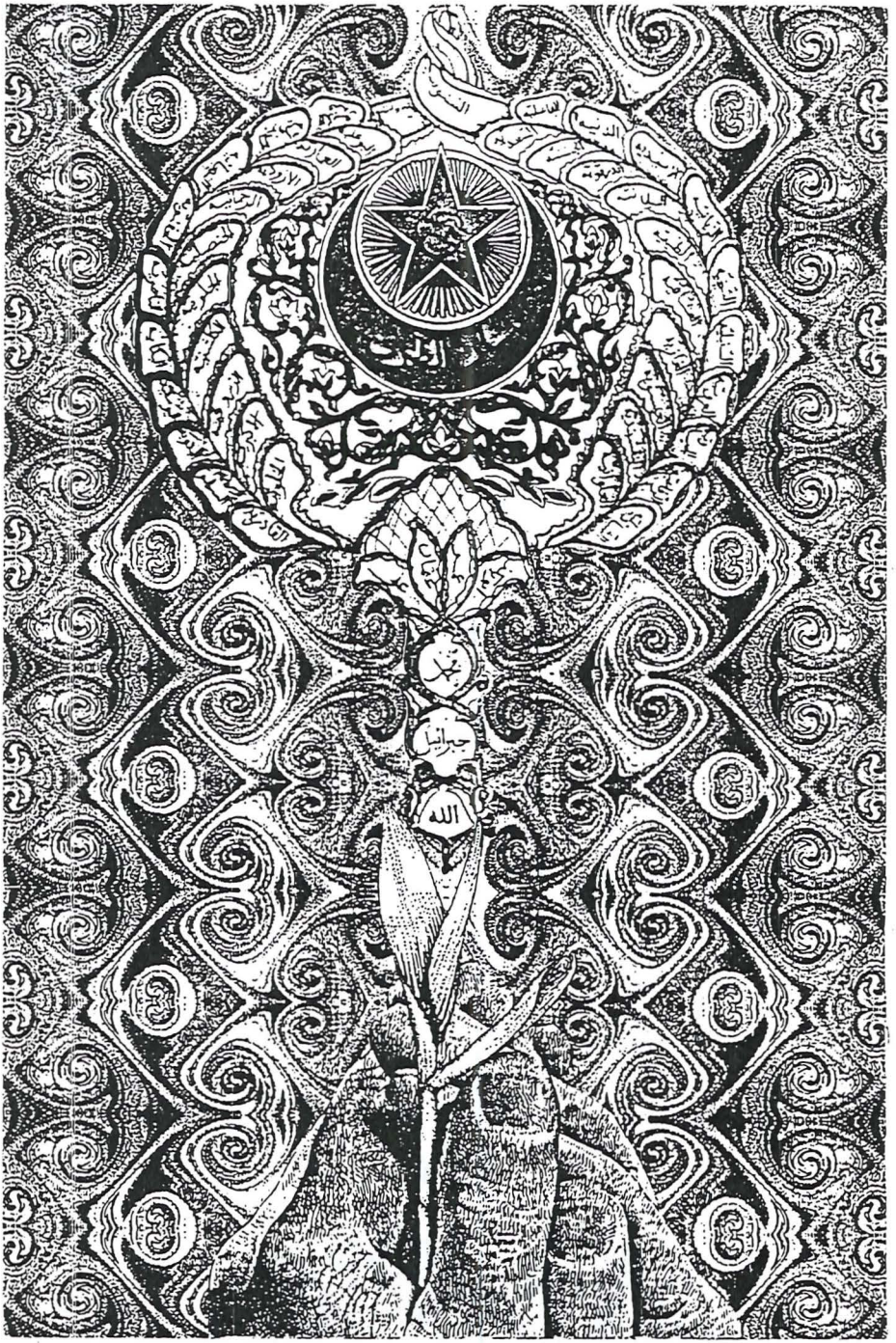


MOORISH NEWS, VIEWS & REVIEWS

Bro. Thom Metzger, editor of the Rochester, NY "Burnt-over District" edition of the MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR, has published a book, Drowning in Fire (Signet), which might be called the first Moorish Orthodox Horror Novel. Set near the New Jersey Pine Barrens, the story features "tri-racial isolate" drop-out protagonists loosely based on the "Jukes and Kallikaks" oppressed by the racist Eugenics movement of the 1920s. The real history in the novel is actually more horrifying than the fiction; the author's sympathies lie clearly with the swamp denizens and their Egyptian Hoodoo cult, rather than with the doctors, politicians, lawyers and other daytime types who usually supply the hero-class in such fantasies. Ignore the pulp-schlock cover art & blurb. This is hot gospel.



Bro. Peter Lamborn Wilson has finished a greatly expanded version of the article on Moorish Science Temple history which originally appeared in GNOSIS magazine as "Shoot-out At The Circle Seven Koran". Enlarged from 12 to 50 typed pages & now titled "Lost/Found Moorish Timelines in the Wilderness of North America", and will appear as Chapter I of the author's forthcoming book, Sacred Drift: Essays on the Margins of Islam (City Lights Books, San Francisco, Spring 1993, inshallah). Major additions to the text include a complete analysis of the sources of the CIRCLE SEVEN KORAN; extensive coverage of the Moorish murder trial (from 1920s Chicago newspaper); numerous facts and opinions from correspondents writing in response to the GNOSIS article, especially on MST history after the death of Noble Drew Ali. As it stands now the article includes more information on the MST than any other single source known to us. Sacred Drift will boast cover art by present MSM editor, Harpo ben Ishmael (Koehnline)-Bey, & is dedicated to the brothers and sisters of the MOC. PLW recently read the essay on our radio show, "The Moorish Orthodox Radio Crusade" on WBAI-Pacifica in New York.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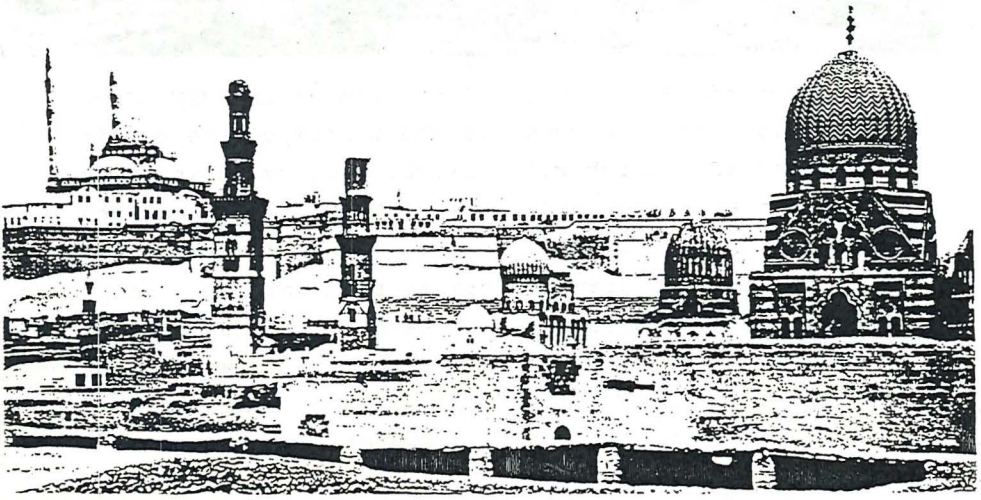
All dreaming aside, however, such a place already exists -- in Dreamtime Village (a.k.a. West Lima, Wisconsin), where our allies at Xexoxial Endarchy have established an intentional community devted to "permaculture and hypermedia". Last summer MOC activists Hakim Bey & Ron Sakolsky of Fool's Paradise met at Dreamtime to work on the forthcoming book, Gone to Croatan: The Origins of Drop-out Culture in America (to be published by Autonomedia, which is of course virtually a MOC front, with J. Fleming both editor of the press and Moorish Imam of Williamsburg, Brooklyn). Olny mischance kept several other Moors, including Koehnline-Bey, from attending this "corroborree" as well -- in fact Wisconsin's major drawback is that it is so FAR AWAY from both coasts. The August gathering did draw major marginals from Baltimore (tENTATIVELY a cON-VENIENCE and the Official Comb Salespeople), Iowa, Canada, NYC (Gargoyle Mechanique), Illinois, Texas, etc., as well as nearby Madison. A Fourierist phalanstery was formed at the gathering, the Bender Hollow Phalanx & "G" School Association, Centered in an old one-room Schoolhouse owned by Dreamtime. Next summer a small MOC presence may be created in one room of the old W. Lima Hotel, recently acquired by Dreamtime (with the help of a small donation from the MOC Manhatten Lodge). Moors are urged to support and visit Dreamtime, especially in August. (Address; Dreamtime Village, Route 2, Box 242W, Viola, WI 54664)



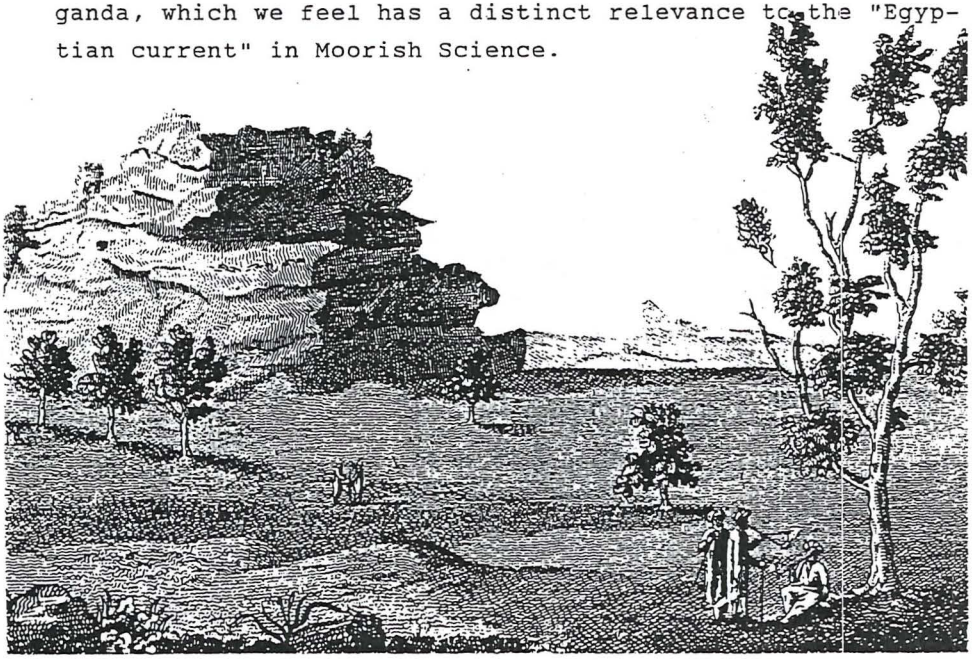
Editor of the Providence, RI edition of the MSM, Jake Rabinowitz, has finished his PhD thesis on the origins Of witchcraft, which will be published by Spring Books (the Jungian folks) under the title Female Apocalypse ("thus," says Rabbi J.R. of Temple Beth Erzulie, "revealing the darksome granny's cranny from which the very gods look away in abhorrance"). Like other books mentioned in this report & written by MOC faithful, the witchcraft opus will be considered canonical "Orthodox" commentary - if not actual scripture - of the Church.

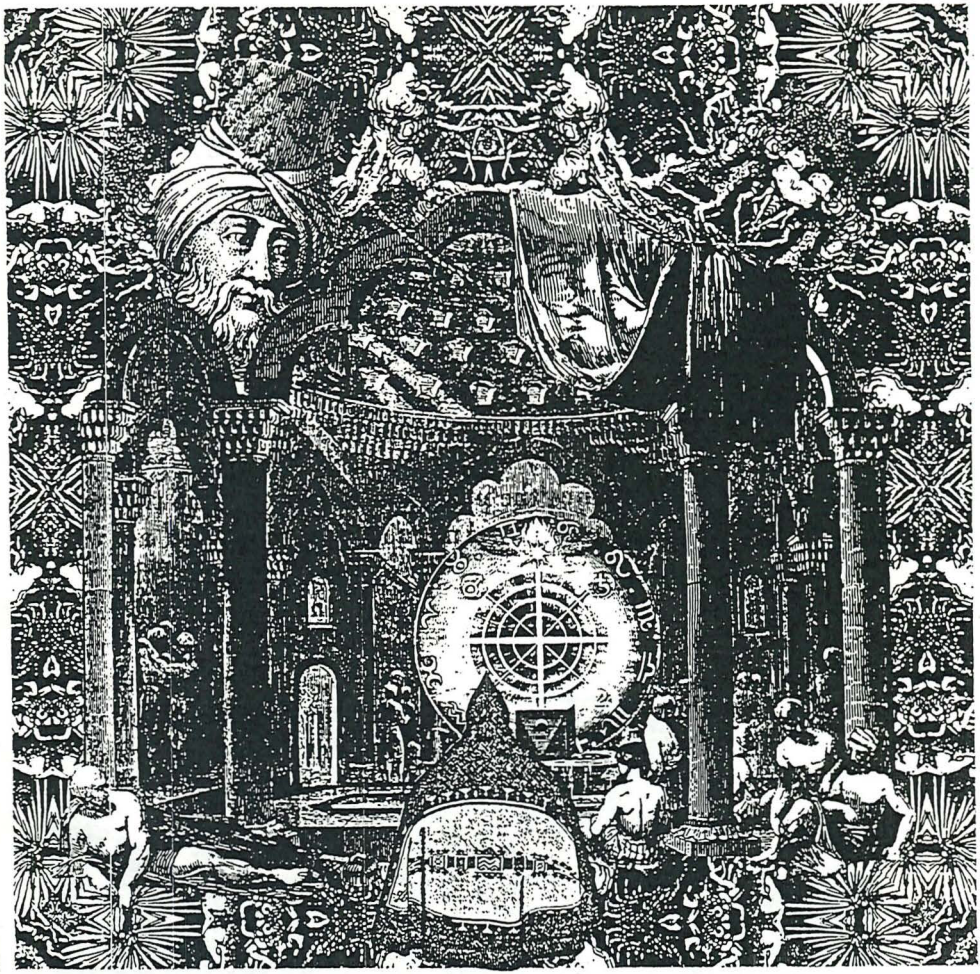
Bro. Mahmud Irsay has been acquiring a magnificent collection of Jewish Magical manuscripts, including one written by an 18th century follower of the "False Messiah" Jacob Frank (a figure of great interest to the MOC). Bro. Irsay has now agreed to prepare an annotated translation & facsimile edition of this unnamed text for a prestigious small press, Caliban Press of Montclair, NJ. The unique manuscript contains an unusually large number of illustrations, & some wonderful spells and potions.

The Moorish Castellan of Central Park, Mark Sullivan, has recently embraced the "Wandering Bishop" tradition of autocephalous catholicism, which provided part of the original inspiration for Moorish Orthodoxy. The group he has joined is called the Free Catholic Church, an offshoot of the Old Catholic / Syrian-Antiochene line of episcopal transmission, which has established a gnostic and non-authoritarian (non-sexist, non-homophobic) variant of the Liturgy and doctrine of the "Church of Thomas". Bro, Mark -- who is now a subdeacon -- has founded a group in NYC, "The Circle of the Free Spirit", as an informal chapter of the Free Catholic Church's mystical Order of the Christos. (Address: Order of the Christos, Box 316, Ansonia Sta., New York, NY 10023)

The Imam of the old Manhatten Lodge #1, Bro. Arif Hussein Potter, learned that our Metropolitan of Bombay (India), Sri Jamal Mecklai, scion of an old Nizari Ismaili ("Assassin") family, got married some while ago, & has since become a bit otiose. So it goes. Perhaps he'd be amused to receive weird communiques from MSM readers. In his Lower East Side days, Jamal used the tag "Ideal Boy". His address: c/o Mecklai, 63 Goolestan Blvd., Desai Rd., Bombay 26, India.

Speaking of the Assassins - who have always been a major source of information for the MOC - we heartily recommend Farhad Daftary's The Ismailis - their history and doctrine (Cambridge University Press), a recent, and sadly somewhat expensive book of extreme interest, not only for its coverage of the Assassins per se, but even more for the info on other Ismaili subsects, equally fascinating, such as the Qarmatians (who stole the black stone of the Kaaba), the very gnostic Tayyebi Bohras of Yemen & India, & our current favorite cult, the Hafeziyya or followers of the legitimate Fatimid Caliphs of Egypt. Several works are in preparation here dealing with the Hafezi gnosis or "propaganda, which we feel has a distinct relevance to the "Egyptian current" in Moorish Science.



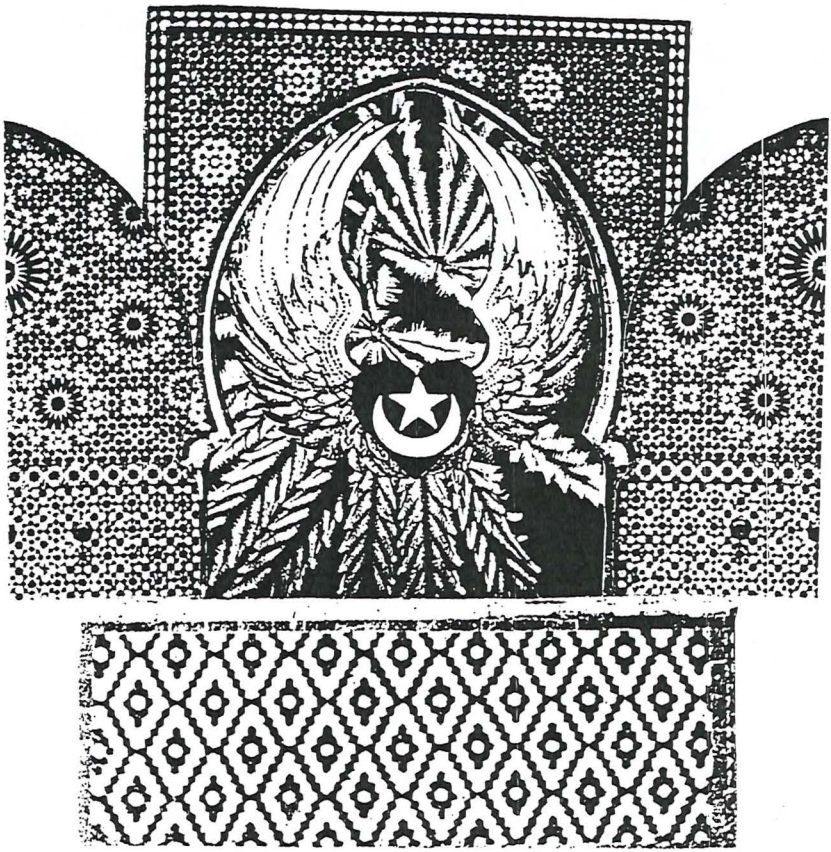


As you can see, Our strongest work in recent times has been in the media, & in the study of a diversity of "heterodox" spiritualities; -- besides Moorish Science itself -- paganism, Ismailism, Magical Judaism, HooDoo, esoteric Christianity -- and we shouldn't forget the ongoing Vajrayana-Kalachakra initiation of the Moorish Imam of the Ukiah (CA) Lodge, Bro. Abu Yazid Scully. In the near future we hope to expand such activities, but also to work for a more "convivial" Church -- more actual get-togethers & group projects. The geographic dispersion of the faithful presents a problem which can only be partially addressed thru our participation in the "zine scene". We also need festivals. We would welcome any inspired suggestions about how

to convene a Synod of the whole Church, & allied groups, for a truly memorable celebration. Meanwhile, don't forget Noble Drew Ali's Birthday, January 8th -- & Moorish Tag Day (St. Patrick's Day), March 17th.

Wa salaam !

The Eastern Secretariat
Adept Chamber
Holy Moorish Orthodox Church
% AUTONOMEDIA
P.O.Box 568
Brooklyn, NY 11211-0568



Enkidu
moves like an animal,
stands like a plant,
wakes like a lake at dawn,
reflecting, without reflection,
the unexpected light

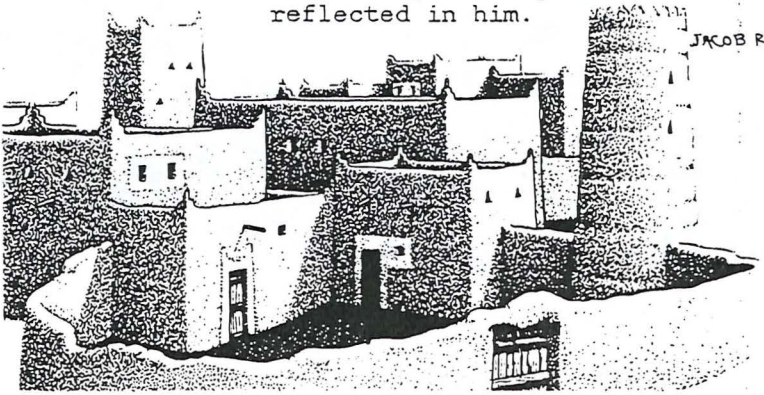
Wise as silence,
dumb as dirt,
paleolithic hick,
city-slick Jacob's
hairy brother.

Enkidu, put clothes on, work,
watch the world through windshield.
It's one long winter
before you'll walk
naked feet
on naked earth again.

Enkidu, your horse-broad shoulders
drag the chariot Gilgamesh stands in:
he dangles the carrot
that keeps you up on two legs,
slogging forward, amazed:
sex, television,
drugs, empire,
beads and tradecloth all.

Gilgamesh trims your hair
and dreams of clear-cutting forest,
Gilgamesh clothes your limbs
and plans on paving nature,
Gilgamesh is Reasoning Mind,
he cannot rest -- when your living clay
becomes dying earth, he'll envy you
as the robot envies flesh.

Enkidu, you adore him:
armored Gilgamesh is perfect,
every unnatural feature polished
to where you see yourself
reflected in him.



sustaining the hyperkulture:

toward an ecology of information

april 1992

by Elizabeth Was & Miekal And

xexoxial editions

dreamtime village wisconsin

Plagiaright 1992. Cyberpychic Beliefware.

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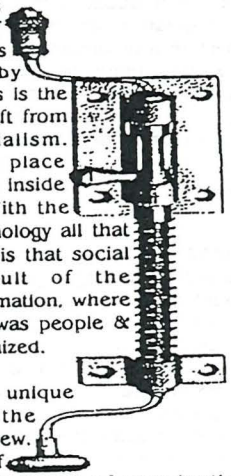
SUSTAINABLE HYPERKULTURE:

the conservation of the anarchist spirit-state

If we take as given, the assumption that otherground media is the element of noise in big brother media's stream of information & that such noise introduced to a system provokes changes & distortions; & that the accumulation & collectivization of these cells of noise will slowly erode the consensus quo. Then, isolated individual information cells will eventually snowball into a global information avalanche. If sides are drawn & there is an us-media & a them-media, then each is a metaphor for the other. If ambiguity is pervasive then the combined spectacle is theatricalized. Being such inefficient human animals we can only hold our breath underwater (read underground) for so long. We cannot expect to seize the media from the deep dark recesses of the underworld. We must inhabit the media with a polymorphic & long-lived presence.

In the dreamtime of the hyperculture, there can be no single line of thought, no immanent thread of action but a simultaneous enlivening of all networker cells & the suggestion of unlimited possibilities. In a state of oppression the dream is an escapist relapse but once the motive for activity has expanded into the unthinkable on its own accord, in its own time & power, a vision of hyperculture will appear that doesn't appear so chaotic & fragmented. Instantaneous access to the growth of information. ***Cassette, computer, copier, fax, telephone, radio, cable TV, satellite, tourism, festivals.*** Already cheap technology access to the electronic smorgasbord is widely available in western countries. Just as the corporate information machine can manufacture influence over us, we can register our opposition by publishing images, data & sound, by dragging the monolith down & replacing it with ten thousand different & contradictory realities.

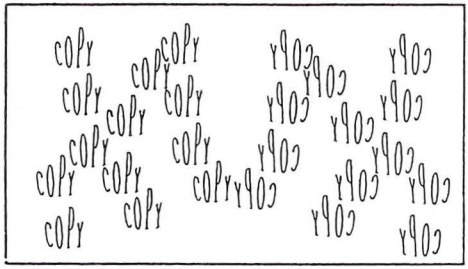
We can begin to understand hyperkulture as a fully integrated ecological, biological system. As with any system, the chaos, noise & disintegration are organically inseparable from life & creativity. Only since the pasteurization of science & art has our understanding of information & events been dictated by aesthetic taste. This is the cultural mentality left from the age of imperialism. Divide, conquer & place the known universe inside a specimen jar. With the advent of info technology all that has really changed is that social power is a result of the exploitation of information, where in previous ages it was people & land that were victimized.



Hyperkulture has a unique status in the mainstream world view. From its point of view, it regards all forms of marginalized dissent & experimentation as PURE NOISE. & consequently non-processed information has no value or use. (Or so they think!) There are those whom argue that it doesn't matter how radical or "noisy" the media; it will nonetheless be coopted by the mainstream as mere curiosities & eccentricities. This may be true in the short term but most of the undermedia lives on. If fact, because those on the periphery are perennially ignored, the culture of otherness has unlimited territory in which to evolve (or mutate) in isolation. Not an isolation of removal & quarantine but a high-powered isolation in the midst of the barrage, in the eye of the hurricane.

The ability to accept and understand noise as untapped resource will enable all hypernauts to install the mechanism which will eventually replace the genericized 2-dimensional view of information & events. It is a mistake to target

the mainstream for seizure & overthrow when it has become painfully obvious that the imperialistic mentality which constructed the prevailing information conglomerate also planted the seeds for its entropy & eventual destruction. It cannot & will not be able to contain the natural diversity of the globe.



spontaneous replication of information is a copy mirror

There are several relevant axioms perpetuated by permaculturalist Bill Mollison. "The problem is the solution." / "Make the least change for the greatest possible effect." / "The yield of a system is theoretically unlimited. The only limit on the number of uses of a resource possible within a system is in the limit of information and the imagination of the designer." / "Everything gardens, or has an effect on its environment." / "Work with nature,...so that we assist rather than impede natural developments."

According to the Gaian hypothesis the earth is a self-regulating organism. Can the same be said of information? Does it lead a life of its own or is it merely a disposable by-product of culture? If we continue the analogy of agriculture, can the information glut be composted & recycled? Wait a minute! For centuries artists scientists & inventors have been reusing the detritus of society for their own benefit. Further, by maintaining a consciousness of infinite hypertextual links between all information, the fragmentation & oppression of our daily lives can be reordered into a meaningful globally oriented lifestyle.

In the dreamtime of the hyperkulture, milleniums pass without the continual division of action into specialization & virtualistic ego-play. In some traditional African cultures there is no separate word for music, dance & planting. The impulse to fragment the radical media / information interface by terminology is certain deevolution. To sustain the info/action/object dialectic, bury your roots deeps into the global information matrix & ....

Miekal And

A MODERN HISTORY OF DISSIDENCE,
or Doing the Rural Hip-Hop

the sixties
Those who were tired or wary of head bashing dropped out, left the cities, & formed their own culture, extended family style. Information was acquired from farmers, libraries, but mostly from experience. Community thrived, aiding the exhange of information. Much literature documenting these experiences came out of this era, left for us in the 90's to learn from.

drop-out drop-outs Gurus drove themselves or their disciples crazy, free love got out of hand, & communities fell apart. Knotted hearts returned to the cities to start over while jobs, entertainment, & convenience lured others back.

stayed and staid Those who stuck it out continue along quietly, families unto themselves, happy & healthy, & a few of the original communes still exist. But the 60's suspicion of technology still clings to a lot of these people, reinforcing their cultural isolation.

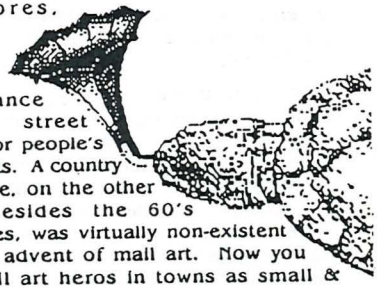
inside out Some of us who grew up on the tail end of the sixties were fascinated & jealous as youngsters, but a little less daring & rebellious in our college years. The hipples who returned to the cities to affect change from the inside set the sensible & responsible approach of 70's & 80's dissidents. But there is some evidence that the political changes incurred by these drop-out drop- outs are equalled by cultural conformities they subtly adopted. Some of these activists put more energy into their politics than into their cultural advancement. Maybe their diet remained progressive, but they listened to the same music they liked in the 60's, kept the same art on the wall, read the same mags[1], sent their kids to public school, & some still refused to use computers or wear make-up. Surrounded by concrete civilization, some lost site of the crucial connection to the earth.

trend bending The punks dropped out without leaving the city, but urban stances quickly become stylized, & punks became blind to their own conformity. But trendiness is a vehicle of cultural information exchange: the word fanzine was coined, hairstyle inferred lifestyle, & music (noise) led the parade. The "underground"[2] experimediasts are the punks of the cultural revolution. It has become trendy to do mail art, own your own four-track cassette recorder, hang out at the local kinkos publishing a mag, read Factsheet Five. And rightly so. These things have facilitated "the liberation of public space" (an Immediast principle).

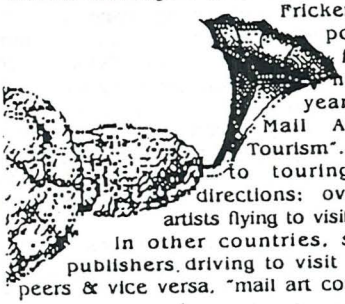
soft weaponry Magazines, libraries, performance stages, computer networks, the mail — these places are the vehicles of cultural information exchange which the experimedia underground ("the undermedia") employs for its own purposes. The dominant culture is continually creating & perfecting tools which the alternative culture quickly co-opts. This is downright subversive, & is the kind of "non-violent public insurgence" advocated by the Immediast Underground. Nearly unlimited possibilities for appropriate subversion lie in the potential for use of these public tools. As information technology becomes more accessible, this potential has no choice but to be tapped deeper & deeper until the flow of alternative culture & politics can perhaps overrun the dominant culture. Added to influence "from the inside" — artists employed in the advertising & fashion worlds, former radicals now on city councils, progressive teachers in the public schools, etc., — the products & activities of the undermedia are so exposed aboveground nowadays that the dominant culture is begin affected from the outside as well.

imaginary dissidence Those of us who celebrate the radical potential of the new technology must nonetheless keep in mind its negative consequences: the toxicity involved in its production, the environmental & biological effects of its use, the ways in which the government, bill collectors, & other members of Big Brother's family use that technology to keep tabs on & control citizens, etc. Further, we must realize that the undermedia hasn't "seized" these public spaces, for they are equally if not more accessible to capitalist culture, which in most cases owns & operates them. Too, there's the economic imbalance in the access to modern tools. We can't all afford a color computer, a decent scanner, a laser printer, or the phone bills of a modem. Hopefully this imbalance will level out over the years, especially when such equipment will be available used for cheap, as color tv's & refridgerators are now.[3]

enlarge your mailbox The most significant aspect of the undermedia is its utilization of the postal system. This is perhaps most the important public vehicle of information exchange because it has the potential to bridge geographical boundaries, especially between city & country. The urban subculture has built-in vehicles of information exchange: posters, flyers, telephones, modems, local radio, & physical spaces where that exchange can happen in person: local hangouts or meeting grounds like pubs, co-ops, bookstores, performance spaces, street corners, or people's apartments. A country subculture, on the other hand, besides the 60's communes, was virtually non-existent until the advent of mail art. Now you have mail art heros in towns as small & remote as Waukau, Wisconsin. Anyone can get things reviewed in Factsheet Five, anyone can send & receive mail, even those so remote they have to travel miles by foot to get to the post office.



The "places" of cultural exchange are the many undermedia publications, & the community exists simultaneously in country & city, in fact, worldwide. But true eye to eye, person to person exchange is lacking. The community is still based in the urban areas, where the majority of undermediasts reside, & the people out in the country are still left out of most cultural exchange events. As Swiss artist R.H. Fricker has been pointing out for a number of years, "After Mail Art Comes Tourism". This refers to touring in all directions: overseas mail artists flying to visit mail artists in other countries, small town publishers driving to visit their urban peers & vice versa, "mail art congresses" & other gatherings.[4] Tourism is a good start in the evolution of the undermedia community, but it affords only a taste of something better.



drop-out or down & out? It is understandable that the language, thrust & focus of the bulk of undermedia is urban-derived. The popular machine is city-based: its manufacturers & slaves are urban & its products overflow in the urban milieu. So the urban undermediasts fight fire right there in the stove. They struggle to create an alternative

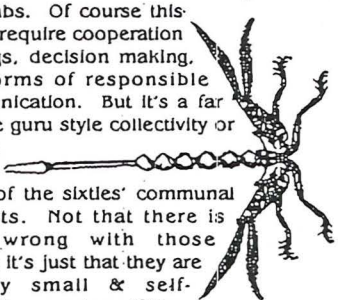
reality under the sooty roof of the status quo. But the dominant milieu is suffocating: urban dissidents can't even see the ways in which they have had to adapt various "civilized" stances, attitudes, & behaviors as protection against mental & physical pollution. It's a war in the concrete jungle: one needs to wear armor, act out, fight back, "seize" & destroy. Even bad health has become trendy in the city; got a cig? How can an ecology of information thrive in such an unhealthy environment? How can it change the earth when it is literally separated from the earth by concrete? Remember why the 60's drop-outs left? Reclaim your spiritual relationship to your body & the earth it walks.

$300 an acre The dying family farm syndrome is rampant in this country: financial failures in increasingly unpopulated small towns whose youth long since left for the cities & whose elders are dying of cancer from the pesticides & herbicides the agricultural industry brainwashed them into using. One can practically find whole towns for sale in some areas, complete with old brick school buildings, abandoned creameries, 120-acre farms, & houses in need of renovation. Why bother squatting a Bronx hole in the wall, laboring to fix the plumbing & redo the wiring under constant threat of police evacuation when you can rent or buy 10's or 100's of acres of land in the country for the cost of a few years' rent in an average small urban apartment? Because you'd miss the people, the culture, you say: well, bring them with you! Organize! Get a computer, a mail box, & a few cohorts, open your mind up for BIG change, & say goodbye to the city. What a revelation! What a revolutionary way to make a revolution! Rather than expend so much energy trying to liberate congested & abused public space, simply create your own. How many friends do you really need to live in close proximity to? People put up with so much, just to be around ... people. Gather your community of friends & move out! We can drop out in numbers & start our own villages! Whatever your reasons for finally leaving, you'll find 100's more once you get out.

The country certainly provides enough dominant reality to rebel against, if one still feels that urge: The parts of the machine are everywhere there is electricity or stores: tv, radio, public schools, advertising, & just about all commercial products reach rural people all too easily. But life takes on a calmer pace & a more wholesome flavor once outside the city: the dominant reality might not even bother you as much. You might find yourself spending more energy in creating your own reality than in destroying the status quo! Granted, in the country there are new hardships, lonelinesses, agricultural pollution, redneck attitudes...but there's a difference between bad dreams & nightmares, a difference you have to experience. The minute one leaves the urban environment & hits the country, an alternate perspective becomes apparent. Somehow the even the difficulties are saner, easier to deal with. There is less to filter out, fewer irrelevant tangents to get stuck following. The relationship to land is more solid, permanent, practical. Simply by growing some of your own food, you get healthier, more grounded.

"After Tourism Comes the Hyperkulture Village" With the postal system & electronic media added to the use of local libraries & city trips as potential vehicles for information exchange, city drop-outs needn't be hicks anymore — we can bring much of the advantage of city life into the country with us. The village model provides a compromise to the city vs. country debate. The diversity of lifestyle that you find in the city can exist in a place which is nonetheless small enough to provide the support & other advantages of a small community. Families, friends, or individuals can set up separate homesteads for themselves: thus vegetarians don't have to live with meat eaters, lesbians can keep their womynspace uncontaminated, & slobs can leave their own dishes unwashed while neatniks straighten up & organize their own matter.

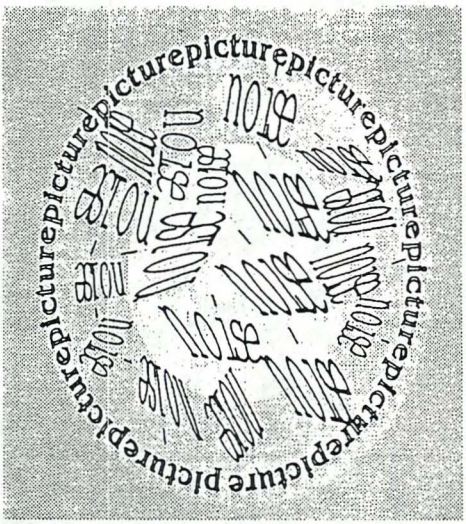
At the same time, village resources can be shared — tools, buildings, machinery, vehicles, & knowledge. And raw spaces, with a collective dedication of time & labor, can be formed into meeting places, cottage industries, cultural centers, art studios, woodshops, gymnasiums, dance floors, recording studios, computer labs. Of course this sharing will require cooperation via meetings, decision making, & other forms of responsible intercommunication. But it's a far cry from the guru style collectivity or the ideational homogeny of the sixties' communal experiments. Not that there is anything wrong with those communes; it's just that they are necessarily small & self-contained, & are unique if they can last. A wide-spread revolution is far more possible with the flexible & wide-open village model.



flexible diversity Each village can develop its own requirements for "like-mindedness", & a unique ecology of information will evolve around that. But the more diversity that is allowed to radiate around a village center, the more impervious to both internal & external change that village will be. In other words, the tenacity of any community is, up to a point, proportional to its own flexibility. Of course, too multitudinal a community might never find enough glue to stick together, but the force of its dissolution would be nothing compared to the implosion

that can happen in the failure of tight-knit group. The new drop-out movement must provide an arena for its own drop-outs to exist within it! I am advocating not irresponsibility but rather tolerance & empathy. Overly like-minded communities tend to fall short on tolerance, & tunnel vision can eventually develop where politically-correct open-mindedness was an initial inspiration. "This is the way we do things here" can amount to a new order of fascism in certain intentional communities. Social change can become insular, less able to affect the outside world.

pond-pebble-patterning Villages are part of townships, counties, bioregions: the more tendrils they can send out, the more they can receive back in. The wider village circles of endarchy spread, the more information & resources that village has at its disposal. Villages are small ecosystems which belong to larger ones. Bioregions can hook up with each other, too, until the network of information exchange reaches every corner of the earth! The word "remote" takes on new meaning, & there is really no longer any need for cities. The village can reach out but it isn't totally dependent on the outside: it could shut off its tendrils to conserve energy, because can generate its own power, — not only electrical but spiritual, physical & social as well.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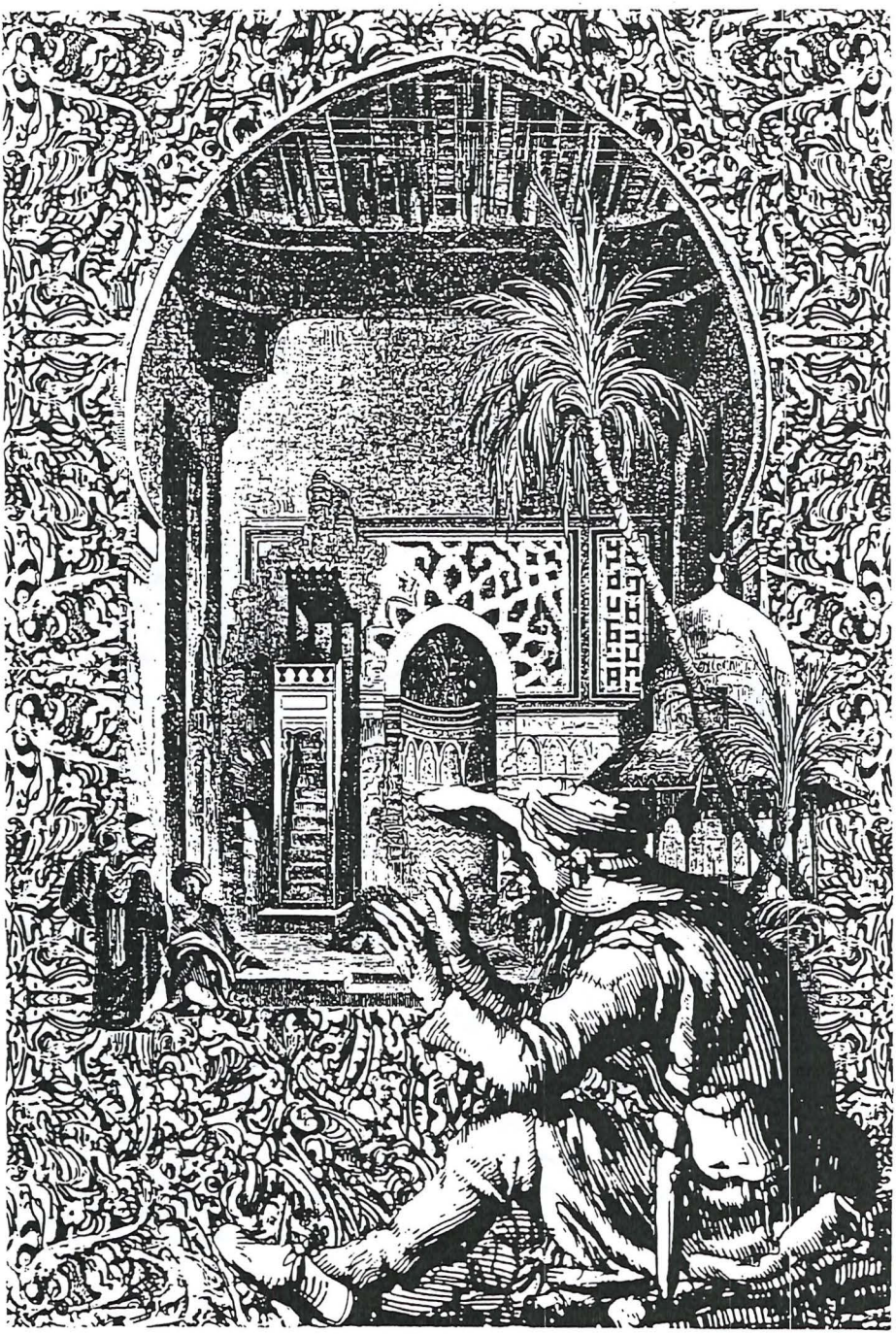
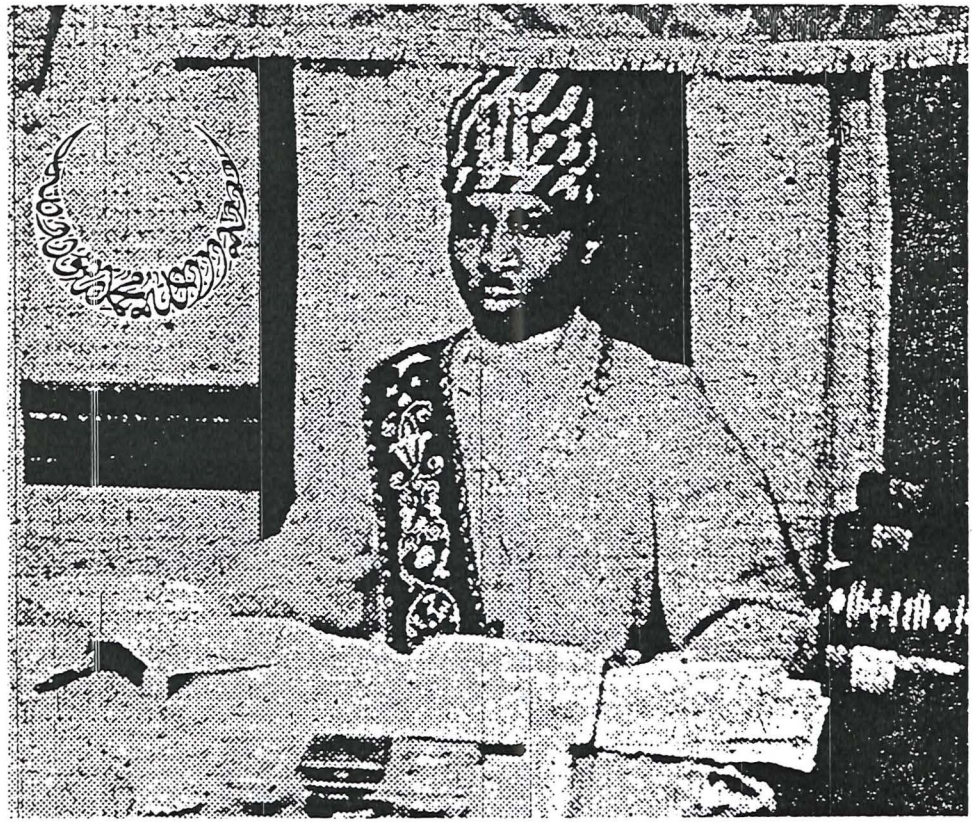
A new rural history begins with the self-transplanting of the hypermedia(rti)st. From the decimation her predecessors' monocultural practices have wreaked on the topsoil of Mother Earth, & on the once-creative mentality of human culture, she has learned well the lesson that change, eclecticism, & adaptability are the nutrients needed to evolve & sustain a vital fertile ecology of human existence. These days dissidence & subversion may take on subtle, even private appearances: mental war on stagnation of all kinds, radically eclectic lifestyle, the courage to perceive own's attitudes as outmoded, (re-)inventing language, embracing noise, inviting chaos, or even dancing a silent 5/4 hip hop in the loft of an old barn.

feetnotes

1. I must pause here to sing praises to one group which thru embracing the potential of computer technology & print, continued to evolve from the sixties on thru to the present, & that is the Whole Earth Catalogue /Co-evolution Quarterly/ Whole Earth Review /The Well people. They weren't & still aren't afraid to examine those places where culture meets politics, where art meets technology, & where the city meets the country.
2. It is significant that experimedia activity took on the term "underground," for while it is an incorrect usage compared to its previous sense, whereby political drop-outs & dissidents worldwide literally crawled thru tunnels towards some form of freedom, it does point to the important connection between culture & politics. The dissident fringe in both these realms are for the most part aboveground nowadays, each taking full advantage of the modern vehicles & trends of information exchange.
3. There will be always more technology the undermedia can't afford, but as survivalists we will be able to make do with whatever we have at our disposal. This in fact, might be a key to the future success of the alternative kulture: that in its hypermedia stance it will be able to take advantage of any resource available to it. When the electricity fails, for ex., the dominant culture may be incapacitated but the rest of us will continue onward.
4. "The Decentralized Worldwide Networker Congress" will be taking place thruout 1992. For info contact Crackerjack Kid, RR 1, Box 4261l, Lebanon, NH 03766. Also, send $3 to Dreamtime Village, Rt. 2, Box 242W, Viola, WI, 54664 for a newsletter on that projekt, including info about our hyperkulture gathering scheduled for August of 1992 called the Dreamtime Corroboree.

Elizabeth Was





Manifesto Of The
BLACK THORN LEAGUE

1. According to orally-transmitted teachings of Noble Drew Ali, founder & Prophet of the Moorish Science Temple of America: -- Ireland was once part of the Moorish Empire; that is, the celts were moslems, & there were black moors from N. Africa also present in Ireland. But the moors were expelled by militant christianity — this event is disguised in the legend of St Patrick's expelling the snakes — for which reason the MST celebrates St Patrick's Day, in a mood of irony perhaps, in expectation of an eventual Return.

2. In Noble Drew Ali's system, celts are considered an "asiatic race", & thus potential converts to Moorish Science. We consider NDA's theories to be racial but not racist, because (again according to oral tradition) they were based (at least in part) on spiritual affinity. "Europeans" who wished to join the MST (including some of the later founders of the Moorish Orthodox Church) were declared to be really celts or "persians" -- (which may have something to do with the oft-remarked similarity of Eiran and Iran).

3. NDA's hidden history of Ireland may be taken as an esoteric metaphor -- but it is supported in some surprizing ways by archaeology & even "official" history. In the first place, the celts are an asiatic race, or at least the most recent arrivals in the west from the mysterious "Hyperborean" heartland of the aryans -- last of those nomadic migrations which settled India, Persia & Greece.

4. Second: What is one to make of those early celtic crosses inscribed with the bismillah ("In the Name of God", opening words of the Koran) in kufic arabic, found in Ireland? The Celtic Church, before its destruction

cends outward religious forms, & is emblematized not only in pagan symbols like the Grail & the Questing Beast, but even in such cultural borrowings as the lute (al-'ud in arabic), or indeed the cult of romantic/chivalric love, transmitted from Islam to the west by sufis in Spain.

11. Ireland's contacts with Spain certainly extend back into the islamic period, & the so-called "Black Irish" may have as many moorish as castillian genes. Medieval irish monks probably absorbed sufism & islamic philosophy along with the art of the illuminated manuscript -- witness the extraordinary stylistic resonance between the Book of Kells & the kufic Korans of Omayyad Spain. If St Francis could visit N. Africa & come back to Italy wearing a sufi's patched cloak, so the irish might easily borrow from Egypt & al-Andalus.

12. All speculation aside, the Moorish Orthodox Church entertains its own esoteric interpretation of NDA's teachings on these matters. We heartily endorse his "elective affinity" theory of affiliation with a greater spiritual celto-asiatic "race". DNA counts for something, but soul for a great deal more. "Every man & woman their own vine & fig tree" (one of NDA's slogans) is not a matter of fate but of character, not of birth but of choice.

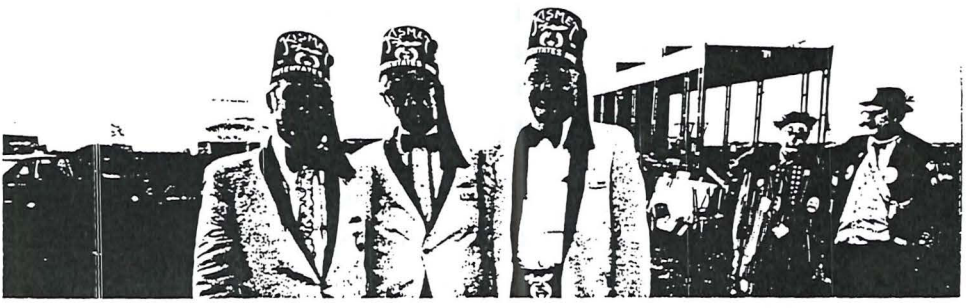
13. In our historical/imaginative exegesis & unfolding of NDA's parable, we have uncovered a complex of heretical islamic & moorish cultural strands linking celtic neo-paganism, esoteric christianity, & the Arthurian cycle, thru sufism & masonry, to the perennial libertarian struggle of the marginalized & oppressed peoples of the "Atlantic" world.

14. We propose to embody this poetic complex in a popular chivalric order, devoted symbolically to the cause of "bringing the snakes back to Ireland" -- that is, of uniting all these mystical strands into one patterned weave, which will restore the power of its synergistic or syncretistic power to the hearts of those who respond to the particular "taste" of its mix. We have borrowed this slogan from contemporary neopagans in order to symbolize the special mission our order will undertake toward celtic-moorish friendship. The BLACK THORN LEAGUE will be open to all, regardless of whether they are MOC members or not, providing only that they support this particular goal.

15. "Black" in our title signifies not only the black banners of the moors but also the black flag of anarchy. "Blackthorn", because the tree symbolizes druid Ireland, & is used to make cudgels. "League", in honor of the various irish rebel groups which have organized as such. Other organizational models include such masonic-revolutionary groups as the Carbonari, or Proudhon's anarchist "Holy Vehm", or Bakunin's Revolutionary Brotherhood. We also emulate certain anarcho-taoist chinese tongs (such as the Chaos Society), & hope to evolve the kind of informal mutual aid webworks they developed.

16. The League will bestow the Order of the Black Thorn as title & honor, & will hold an annual conclave & banquet on St Patrick's Day, in memory both of Noble Drew Ali's vision, & of those rioters of 1741 who conspired in low taverns to overthrow the State.

Bring The Snakes Back To Ireland!



THE INITIATION OF ADOLESCENT AMERICA

"Beginning, Intermediate and Advanced FUN"

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initiate: *1. to bring into practice or use 2. to teach the fundamentals of a subject to 3. to admit as a member into a fraternity, club, etc., esp. with a secret ceremony.*
WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY

"Initiation", as defined in this article, adds to the above definitions the creative bias of three levels of FUN: Beginning, Intermediate and Advanced FUN (more on this later). In bypassing the more common associations "initiation" shares with the somber and often Gravely Serious, perhaps the reader will consider a more imaginative intent, or reason, for entering a process of initiation. In no way is this "new" definition meant to replace or disrespect those traditions showing obvious gravity and profundity. However, by redefining initiation to embrace a more creative intent, any ceremony or activity can be endowed with greater immediacy, color and personal freedom.

Real initiation usually demarcates an important transition from one "stage" of human life to another, ie., aboriginal adolescent males become "men" after a mandatory walkabout in the Australian outback. A culture forms its initiation rituals out of spiritual necessity. Cultures void of initiatory rituals tend to spawn deviation and subversion as a way for people to meet their spiritual needs. In the vast and cumbersome American culture, the given initiatory traditions exist primarily as functions of the Christian-Judaic religions – bar mitzvahs and communions – with their celebratory holidays of Christmas, Hanukkah, Passover and Easter. Add to this the conglomerate of university fraternities and sororities (alongside their inhouse hierarchies of government funding) and you have the roots and branches of an American tree of initiatory traditions. Yet many Americans remain unsatisfied with these given traditions.

America was colonized by pioneering spirits; many of these were criminals by definition of their native European laws. It is somehow fitting that now in America one must learn to become more inventive and creative to meet spiritual needs outside the given mores of church and state. Note how the USA is a mere two hundred years young when compared to the more mature republics of Europe, Africa and Asia. As it reaches national puberty, America is actually on schedule not knowing who or what it is. Like any healthy turbo-hormoned adolescent, it's driven to prove and demonstrate its strength, prowess and territorial needs in the global village.

It's only natural that more mature nations find Americans so obnoxious, dangerous and insatiable; it's all true. We are all these things and much, much more...we are the world's leading consumer of all things. Historically, a national entity tends to outgrow its adolescence by going to war and often, on its native soil. America stands as an exception to this rule. Since World War II, most American adolescent initiatory rituals have fought the psychological warfare of Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll; the fifties' beat generation, the sixties' hippies, the seventies' punks, the eighties' yuppy-new agers. Here in the nineties, Adolescent America is still stalking the best fix, the best fuck and the best fight in town. Why else would America insist on being the most powerful military force on the planet ?

If America is indeed passing through its own turbulent adolescence it may help explain a certain reluctance to let go of certain addictions, like when adolescents leave home and learn to let go of their parents' money; no more allowance, no more government grants and handouts. Proud Americans are being forced to become more self-governing and autonomous by learning to rely less on the parental body of government. Growing up means earning your keep and knowing who your friends are. American revolutionaries are now responsible for creating the new traditions, the new rituals, and the new art for celebrating emancipation and preserving the fruits of our hard-earned autonomy.

Most traditional religious practices involving a church or temple depend on a "middle man" to mediate between the congregation and its particular deity; note the lineage of popes, bishops, priests and rabbis. This middle mediating man acts as a kind of "go between" for sanctifying the spirituality of the people with "god's own benediction." If you ask me, it's this "meddle man" that TAKES ALL THE FUN OUT OF RELIGION by obstructing the people's UNMEDIATED intimacy with their own spiritual sources. Real life is for real people; people that choose to exist and live according to their own truths. Real life, it seems, is also not for everybody. Certain people seem to need governments, moms and dads to make their choices for them and certain people will seem to need meddle men to reach god and pray through. For the reader who aspires to living the real life, the following guidelines are presented as three grades of initiation. They can be implemented directly inside any activity, ritual or ceremony whatsoever regardless of philosophical or spiritual orientation, so help me dog.

BEGINNING FUN

ANY activity, internal or external, having the effect of getting one high. This amounts to knowing how to have fun, how to turn yourself on and how to motivate oneself; self-motivation. Getting high is preliminary for entering a creative state. The more one finds out how to do this autonomously – that is without others and without digesting drugs – the sooner one finds the ignition switch to ones own creative engines. Beginning Fun is about being responsible for raising your own energy and for exciting your own creative state.

INTERMEDIATE FUN

Level Two FUN is where the high starts getting you, where you are unexpectedly transported and exalted to a higher plane of grace, animation and ecstatic functioning; this is where you are "as high as a kite." There is a sense of danger and chaos to this much fun. INTERMEDIATE FUN finds people having "too much fun" and getting "too high for their own good." Remember playing real hard as a kid when all of a sudden, out-of-the-blue somebody gets hurt by accident? INTERMEDIATE FUN. Second level FUN reaches the outer limits of how much fun you can have before flipping out of your body, where the experience of the energy outgrows your body and seeks external expression for an outside effect. (Poltergeist might be a very twisted form of INTERMEDIATE FUN.) People who never graduate from INTERMEDIATE FUN into ADVANCED FUN naturally confuse the two; however, there IS life after bliss, my friends and it's called:

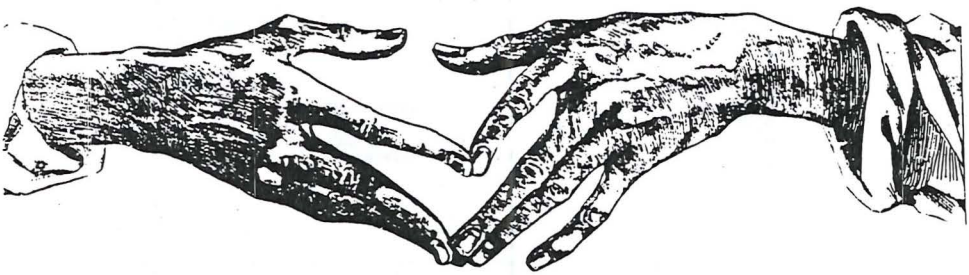
ADVANCED FUN

ADVANCED FUN is advanced ritual work. It's about real responsibility to yourself, to others and to the earth below. Third level FUN is where you choose to connect back with someone else or group or the earth below while maintaining your second level high. This type of responsibility is defined by an **ability to respond** and a **willingness to stay responsive**, two very important attributes while surfing the wilder waves of ecstatic experience. One of the more perilous side-effects of having too much fun is the passivity and dispersion often resulting from a

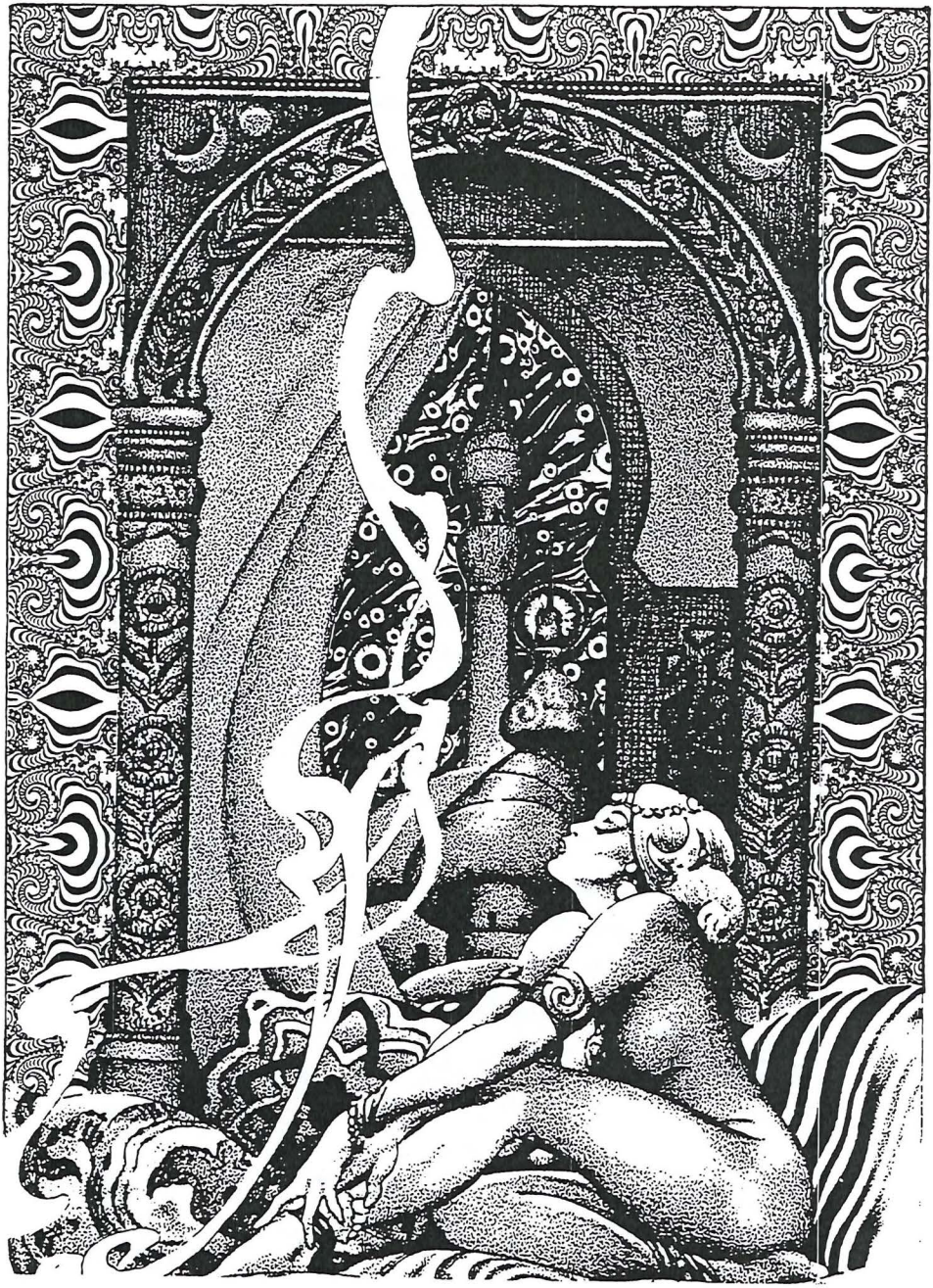
loss of individual integrity. Ecstasy as a goal has its human limitations. ADVANCED FUN is about cultivating the resiliency to stay high for longer stretches of time by virtue of circulating the energies through others and the earth below. ADVANCED FUN begins when you share the high. When you are ready to render FUN contagious by turning your friends on and, when you are ready to send the energies down to feed the earth below, you are prepared to transmit the power of initiation as a charismatic adept of change.

Having loads of fun doesn't mean your troubles are over. On the contrary, they have just begun. Living the real life is often an upstream, uphill struggle in a society still selling its people the idea of trading in the time of their lives for minimum wage. In America, psychic survivors learn to cultivate enough imagination to see through advertising and enough inspiration to outgrow the infantile fixation for excessive consumerism. There's a distinct advantage bestowed upon people who know how to have fun insofar as its capacity for expanding consciousness is concerned: fun wakes you up, temporarily. Temporarily. To stabilize the process of waking up, the expansion of consciousness must reach farther than itself and into the development of conscience.

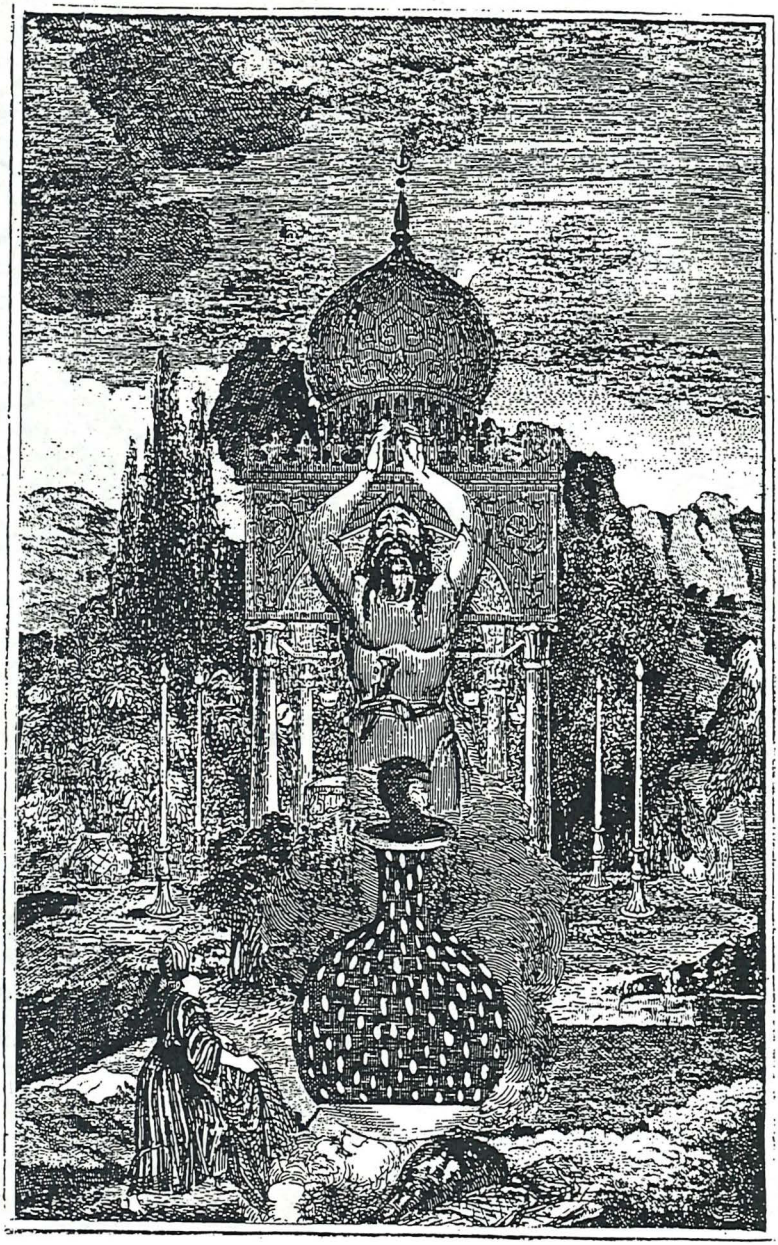
As consciousness expands and sheds more light onto our lives, a developing conscience integrates the experience by showing us the areas of our real concerns: what we actually care about and what we have no business whatsoever caring for. It does so by the exposure of life's irresolvable quandaries, wherein we alone must choose between right and wrong, good and evil and not according to social conditioning but through the reborn sensibilities of our new, awakening central neural (not nervous) systems. Human quandaries are not problematic insofar as they are unsolvable; they seem more like immutable sharpening stones, honing the blades of our personal visions to a cutting edge.



ANTERO ALLI is editor of TALKING RAVEN: Journal of Imaginative Trouble, director of ParaTheatrical ReSearch and an author of five books updating archaic mystical systems. To receive his free katalog of books, tapes and services, write him at PO BOX 45758 Seattle WA 98145 USA. Add $2. cash for a TALKING RAVEN.



Now I a fourfold vision see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight
And threefold in soft Beaulah's night
And twofold Always. May God us keep
From Single vision & Newton's sleep!



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

— BJORN FREY

This tumor in my head, is it from watching too much TV? Or is it the sound of my brain pushing against the domed bone that protects my thoughts from the sky?

The strait jacket state strangling on paperwork. Rules regulations, low grade panic strangles each faceless unit, each would be person from inside. Panic, not from any pandemonium that might burst out but from what might come loose if a true unrestrained breath is allowed to escape. That's what they're afraid of, they are more afraid of you than you are of yourself.

It's like a movie so boring everyone wants to leave but they won't 'cause they might miss the one scene so intense that it alone is worth the price of admission.

Like when a dream-girl in red comes up to you at a bar and wants to borrow your ashtray, or your life, and you give it to her.

So this is how it looks from here, at the edge of the dream. No where to go, but all this whirling, if I wasn't so dizzy I'd puke. Things have their own appearance from the margins, everywhere is the center but it's crumbled leaving only the echoes of frightened shouting. Fragments of everything that seemed so important just yesterday. Just yesterday? That was 3 1/2 billion years ago. Maybe I should start from the beginning.

Elevator doors swished open, roaches scurried from the corners of somebody's eyes, mine? I can't remember.

"Going up?" A six foot, grey, bi-pedal lizard wearing a tunic of spun gold and twisted gems stood inside, holding open the elevator doors. There was something, maybe birds flying about inside. A chattering twitter bounced out into the lobby. Nothing happened.

"Going up, I say."

I stepped in, "Where am I?" I looked around and the doors smoothed shut, lobby disappearing without a backward glance.

"Just a little disoriented. nothing to worry about." A blue light flickered. I'm disoriented, better start over.

Dry breathing in an empty room, the only movement fish scale eyes and shifty light. A man sits at a table arranging cigarettes. Edges. There's a woman, a blue woman she comes to me at night, comes down through the ceiling, she's my lover. My room is a very dangerous place.

I'm sorry to whisper, but they're watching us you know, they can see us from outer space. It's the juice. They put particles in the orange juice so they can track us with satellites. They're desperate, they watch everything. They can't stand it when I laugh. That's why they took all the jokes out of the Bible.

It happens in church, the Minister is a dry man. His bones brittle when he walks. I caught him dozing me off. They do that you know, jibber jabber, blabber drone and the words take away your mind. The first time it happened I thought I could fool him, next Sunday I came with my ears stuffed with cigarette butts, so the words couldn't get me, but they're clever, oh so clever. They make the words go in your eyes, they don't use the ears at all. It's all a ruse. Van Gough knew it.

There I was, sitting there, not listening, and the words came in my eyes and I couldn't wake up. I've tried shutting my eyes, but they make you look, even when you're asleep, they make you keep your eyes open, watching for God. They slept me through church, they sleep everyone. I couldn't take it. I ran away here.

Did I tell you about my lover? She comes to me at night when it's raining. But it's not really here. Whoever she is, she wants to take me away. To that other place. She rescued me, Preacher hates her.

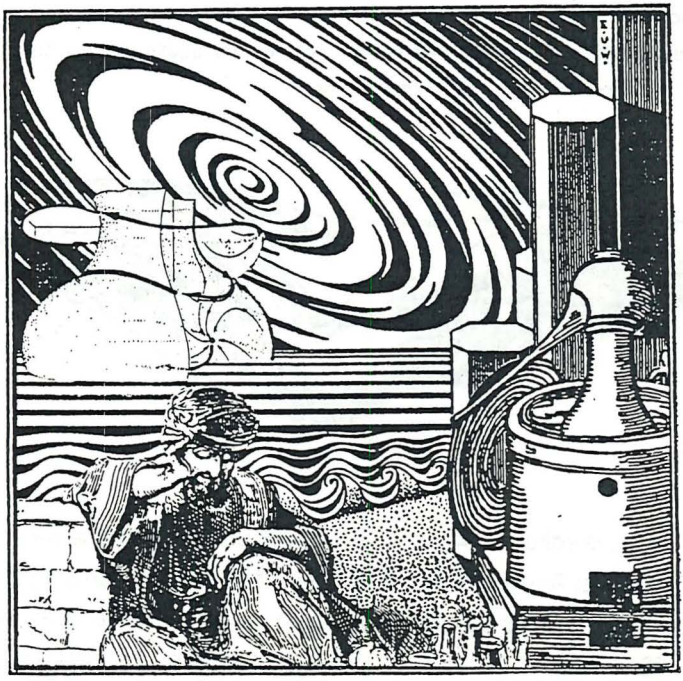
Hallelujah for Ritual - Charles Grimes

Fuck, I think it's important that the Moorish Scientist knows how to expand and explore his or her life through ritual. Essential. I mean shit, let's face it, the number of places is decidedly limited where one of life's "outsiders," is going get the soul broadening effects of deliberately taking part in a deep, concentrated experience of life when he or she has rejected or been rejected by most traditional, widely offered rituals - T.V., sports, religion, work, marriage, fashion, et al. (which really don't go too terribly deep these days and your probably better off anyway knowing how to make your own personally meaningful ones....).

A ritual can be done very, very simply and yet be very, extremely, totally profound. Really. O.K., it is the act of doing something deliberately that gives ritual it's punch. Awareness is the name of the game. Observance of method and executionary style engages awareness and pulls out concentration and presence from the constipated mind and body creating a DEEP EXPERIENCE.

Hence, therefore, as such, simply setting forth a time and place, (now, tomorrow morning, Thursday night etc....) to do some - *thing*, and then DOING it, transforms one into a RITUALO - heh heh. Acting out stories and myths, reading prayers, playing music,engaging in sexual experimentation, exploratory drug use and symbolic death make for cool ritual I have found. Also, if the space is or has been made SPECIAL and distinct as a ritual space in some way, the ritual can be more focused and profound.

Indeed, ritual can be an opportunity to check out experiences not ordinarily available in *everyday* life. Props, smells and colors all set a mood. And that's the idea - engineer a space that is conducive and fertile to the production of an intensive experience of a fragment of life, and then going in and experiencing the shit out of it. Then you're MORE OF A PERSON living out your passions and desires, and you're right in there eating away at life, even if yer not a part of the mainstream. Show'em it can be done.



MEET THE MOORS - PART III

HAQQ SHAHID
"The Thought Monger"

Give him milk and dust, he makes the dancing skeleton. Give him ink and oil, he limns the boundaries of desire. He thinks the unthinkable and effs the ineffable

Quote:
"Too much is never enough."

STRIX NEBULOSA
"Bride of the Monster"

Arch-harridan, patroness of household cleansers. Giver of good milk and bad blood. Permanent neurological damage, temporary enlightenment.

Quote:
"Lips, lips, who needs lips?"

DAWUD IBLIS
"God's Favorite Heretic"

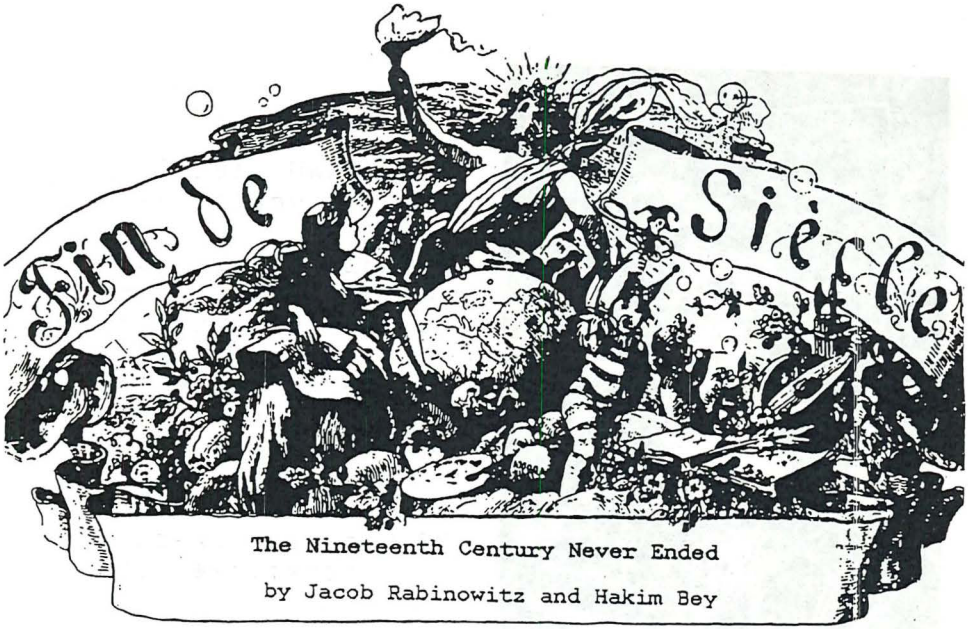
Who plants his seed in the blackest nightsoil? Who lurks in the dark, sweaty interzone? Who tastes the rank Ur-nothing between the stars? Dawud Iblis.

Quote:
"I wondered where my monkey went."

IX NUR IX
"The Distresser"

His gaze stokes the furnace of sacred fear. The sound of his foot-falls strikes dread into the heart of all unbelievers. Defender of widows, cripples, quidnucs and Squatty-boys.

Quote:
"Bend over, Giaour. and smile."

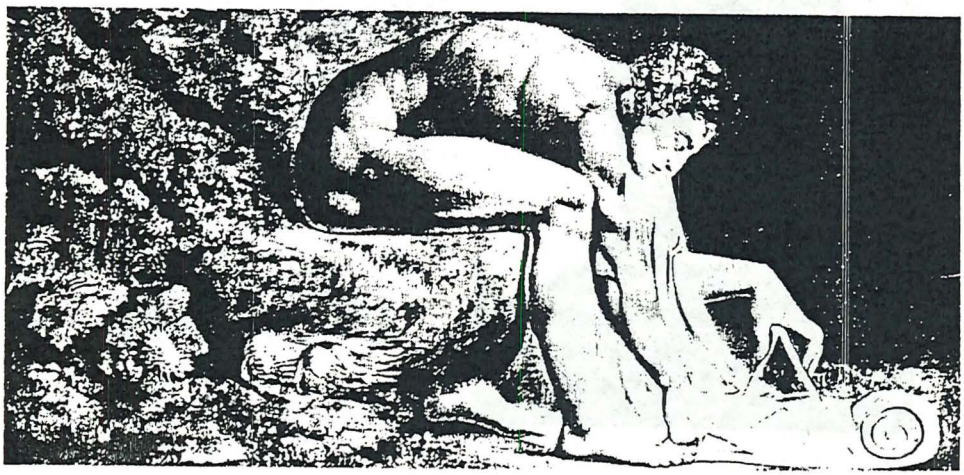


The Nineteenth Century Never Ended

by Jacob Rabinowitz and Hakim Bey

As the calendar cranked towards 1900, on the threshold of the modern age, a shudder of trepidatious dread passed through certain spiritual potentates, big-time capitalists, high muck-a-mucks, world-leader types and ranking Freemasons. Perhaps the "century of Progress" had progressed a bit too fast.

The time: New Year's Eve 1899; the place: Paris, capitol of the 19th century; a crisis meeting hastily convened in a café on the première étage of the Eiffel Tower closed to the public for the night. As the champagne flowed and the oysters slid, the assembled world-shakers grimly reviewed their options. Did they truly crave this precipitous plunge into modernity? would they really like it in outer space? would there still be oysters?



"My dear," said a famous heiress. heaving her décolletage, "simply unthinkable!

"Couldn't we take the twentieth century as an extended off season and vacation in Antibe till it blows over?"

"It's-a no good," Pope Leo the 13th broke infallibly in, "who's-a gonna still fall for my line of-a shit?"

A major Illuminatus, clanking his medals in dismay, averred that immortality wasn't proving all it had been cracked up to be.

"Let's call the whole thing off."

"I know," cried Thomas Carlyle, the quintessential 19th century nudnick, "let's just do the 19th century over again."

The dowager empress asked for a show of hands. It was unanimous.

* * * * *

Certain adjustments, however, had to be made.

To begin with, everything proved a bit thinner the second time 'round, like a cup of tea too many from the same tea bag.

All the painters had Jeu-de-Paume or Tennis elbow from the excesses of Impressionism, so the photographers had to help out and take up the slack.

The French, bankrupted for ink and gold-braid, gratefully acceded to German demands for a go at imperium and American clamors for a shot at producing fat unreadable novels.

"Hear, hear!" enthused a weary (in fact, dead) Victor Hugo.

"Dies spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?" queried a querulous F. Nietzsche, downcast at this rather lack-lustre confirmation of The Eternal Recurrence.

Victorian priggery, or, not to put too fine a point on it, Queen Victoria, would prove so hardy a growth that she fairly over-ran this garden of second-hand time.

"Jack-boot in the face of Humanity forever!" she ejaculated, giggling insanely. "Well, not really a jack-boot you know, one of those little heeled numbers with the buttons on the side."

But enough.

* * * * *

In 1987 the Moorish Orthodox Church unveiled its Five Year Plan to end the 1980's. We finished two years ahead of schedule, winning general confidence.

In this halcyon atmosphere we thought it good to reveal the second and more radical phase of our program: this was the Committee to End the 20th (i.e., 19th) Century,

Twice is enough.

Our plan is basically to "bide our time" or "play a waiting game." Stupid, but effective.

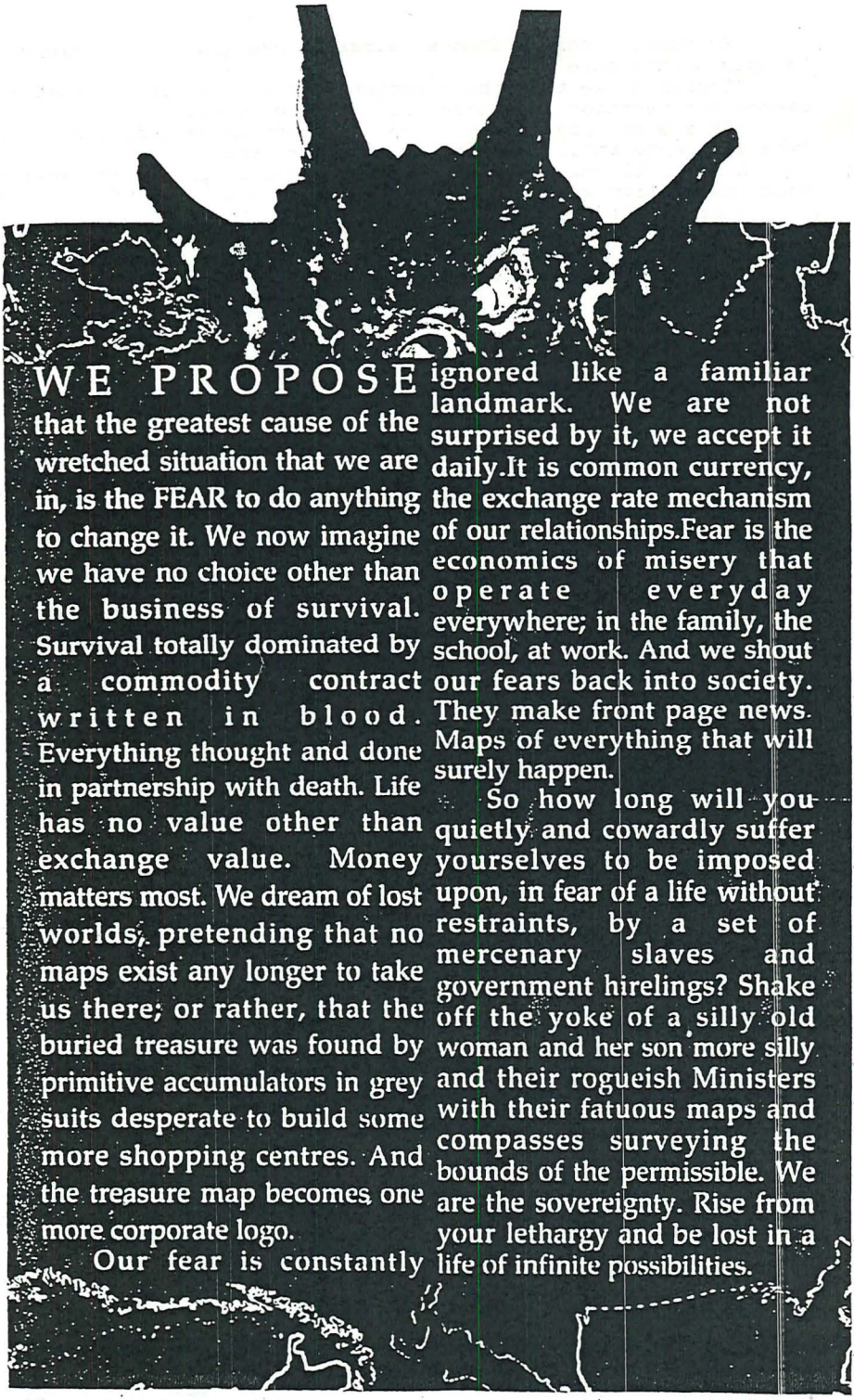
Certain hot-heads and schismatics, from which we pointedly distance ourselves, advance a scheme which involves having pages fly off calendars like in the movies.

Another sect wants to skip the 20th century altogether to make up for lost time. But is it even possible to have a 21st century without having had a 20th -- or is the 20th to be a 13th floor on the elevator of history, omitted in defiance of numeration out of a superstitious sense of delicacy?

The paradoxes of time-travel, e.g., marrying one's grandfather or forgetting where you parked the car, emerge in all their annoying complexity.

But I much mistake myself to air the Church's dirty laundry and, as it were, family spats.

The 20th, or more properly 19th, century, will end. On that you may rely.



WE PROPOSE that the greatest cause of the wretched situation that we are in, is the FEAR to do anything to change it. We now imagine we have no choice other than the business of survival. Survival totally dominated by a commodity contract written in blood. Everything thought and done in partnership with death. Life has no value other than exchange value. Money matters most. We dream of lost worlds, pretending that no maps exist any longer to take us there; or rather, that the buried treasure was found by primitive accumulators in grey suits desperate to build some more shopping centres. And the treasure map becomes one more corporate logo.

Our fear is constantly ignored like a familiar landmark. We are not surprised by it, we accept it daily.It is common currency, the exchange rate mechanism of our relationships.Fear is the economics of misery that operate everyday everywhere; in the family, the school, at work. And we shout our fears back into society. They make front page news. Maps of everything that will surely happen.

So how long will you quietly and cowardly suffer yourselves to be imposed upon, in fear of a life without restraints, by a set of mercenary slaves and government hirelings? Shake off the yoke of a silly old woman and her son more silly and their rogueish Ministers with their fatuous maps and compasses surveying the bounds of the permissible. We are the sovereignty. Rise from your lethargy and be lost in a life of infinite possibilities.

FROM CALUM SELKIRK BM JED LONDON WC1N 3XX ENGLAND

GET DRUNK

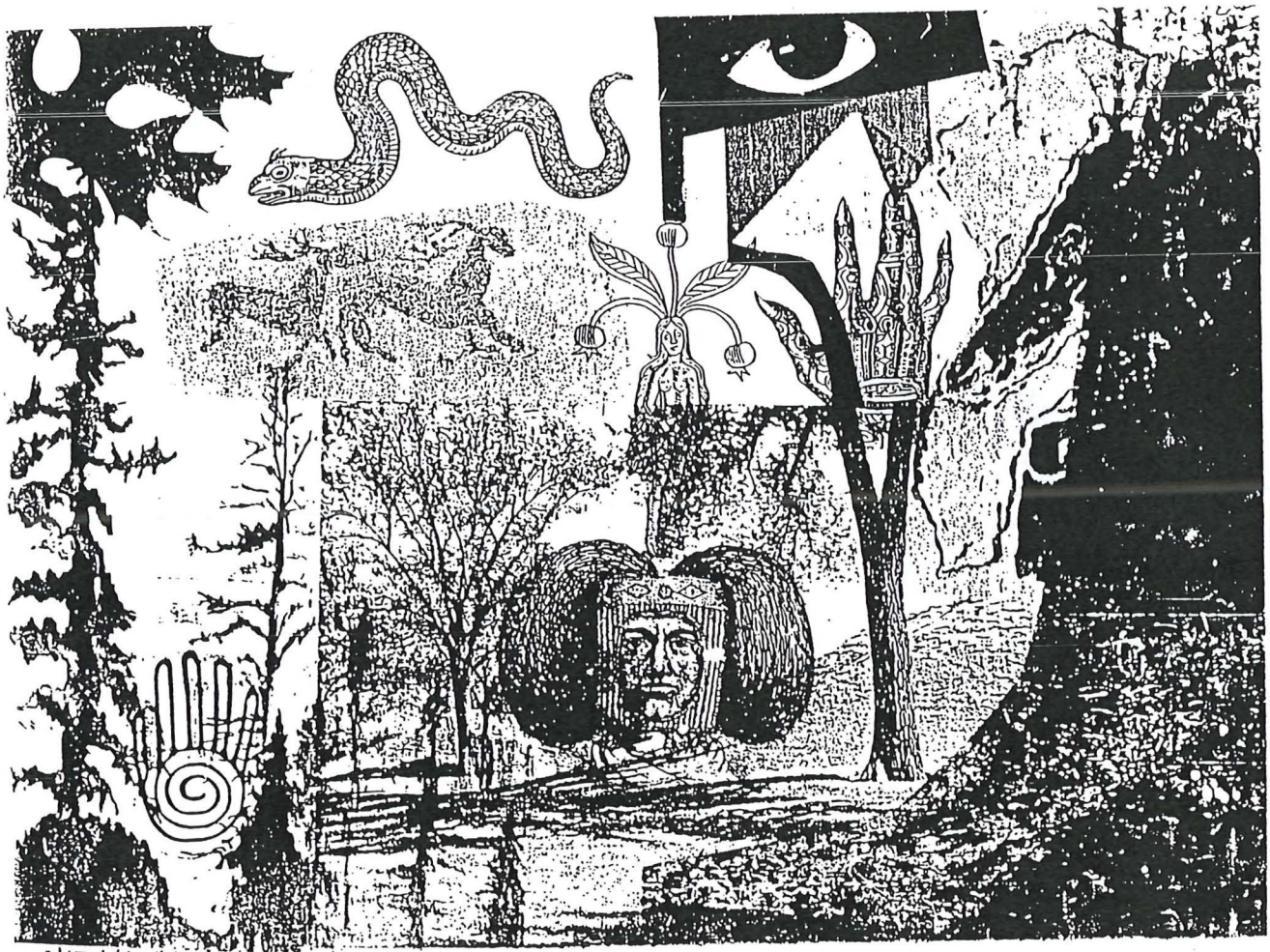
ONE SHOULD always be drunk. That's the great thing; the only question. Not to feel the horrible burden of Time weighing on your shoulders and bowing you to the earth, you should be drunk without respite.

Drunk with what? With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you please. But get drunk.

And if sometimes you should happen to awake, on the stairs of a palace, on the green grass of a ditch, in the dreary solitude of your own room, and find that your drunkenness is ebbing or has vanished, ask the wind and the wave, ask star, bird, or clock, ask everything that flies, everything that moans, everything that flows, everything that sings, everything that speaks, ask them the time; and the wind, the wave, the star, the bird and the clock will all reply: "It is Time to get drunk! If you are not to be the martyred slaves of Time, be perpetually drunk! With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you please."

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Jah
Golem Ben Ishmael Bey
Fools Paradise
For Jacob Rabinowitz



NIZAM AL-CAIRN ☆

(poem) We have one life...

We have one life,
there comes no other,
we have one god,
there is none higher,
I speak to you,
there's no one I love more.

Our world's too huge,
our god too great
to trap with words
like "fair, unfair,
evil, good..."
save those for your friends.

Only luck
is lucky -- but Joy
is real and not much
briefer than the rest --

Night dies, Dawn advances
like an assassin --
unnoticed till it's
much too late.

The past is past,
the future is
for future hands to touch,
our time is now --
tonight on earth
you are the splendor
of this shining world!

JACOB RABINOWITZ

The MOC Indian Park Ashram (a.k.a. the Hun Tun [Chaos] Hermitage), has proven quite handy as a retreat for local members over the past few years, being located only about 45 miles from NYC & yet surrounded by parks and the special atmosphere of the Ramapo Mountains. Only recently we had a pheasant cook-out with some quite decent Cabernet to honor autumn leaves. Naturally we'd like to acquire a larger property, a real temple with capacity for gatherings, conferences, etc., somewhere not far from the Ashram.

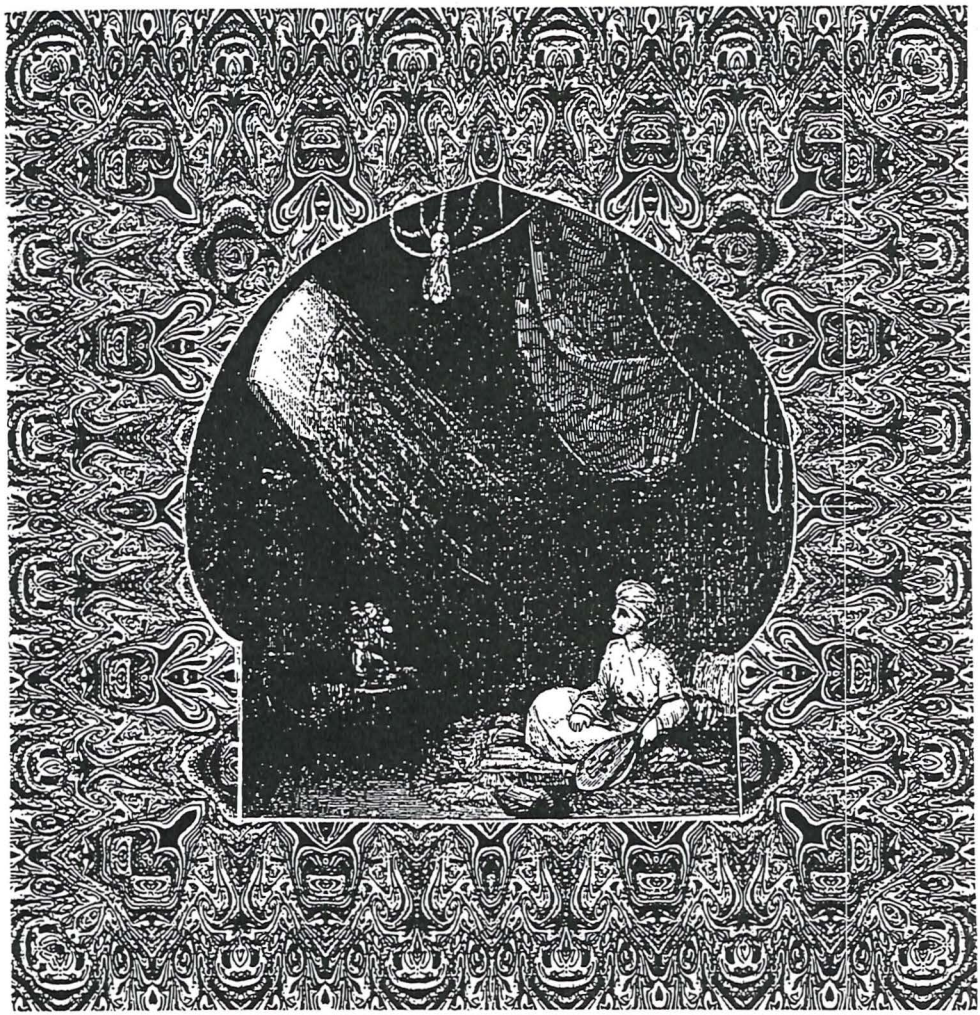


Chart I

The Archangel Jibra'il

Khezr — The Prophet Muhammad — Oways al-Qarani

Fatima — Ali ibn Abi Talib

Salman al-Farsi

Shiite Imams

1. Hasan
2. Husayn
3. Zayn al-Abidin
4. Muhammad al-Baqir
5. Ja'far al-Sadiq
6. Ismail al-Mubarak
7. Muhammad ibn Ismail
8. 'Abdallah
9. Ahmad
10. Husayn

Idrisids & Sharifs of Morocco

The Ghulat

The Oways iyya

visionary sufism (e.g. Ibn Arabi)

Musa al-Kazim

Twelve-Imam-Shiism

The Qarmatians

Concealed Imams

I. 11. Ubaydallah al-Mahdi

II. 12. Qa'im

III. 13. Mansur

IV. 14. Mu'izz

V. 15. Aziz

VI. 16. Hakim billah

VII. 17. Zahir

VIII. 18. Mustansir

Abu Abdallah "the Shiite" & The Kotama Moors

Fatimid Caliphs (roman numerals)

IX. 19. Musta'li — (cont.)

19. Nizar — (cont.)

Nizari Ismaili Imams

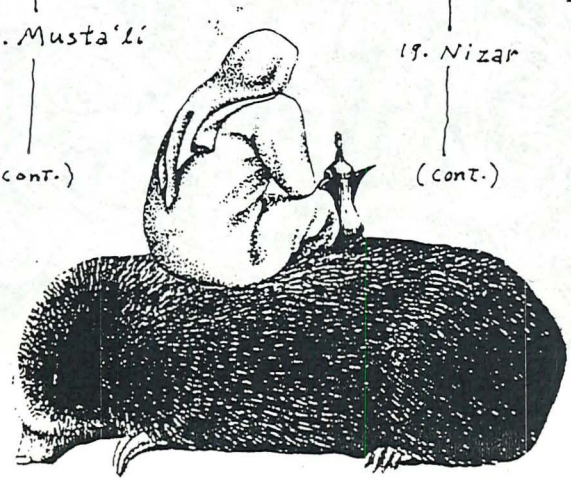


Chart II

CHARTS FROM "THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN'S GOLDEN CHAIN OR SILSILA OF INITIATIC TRANSMISSION" BY HAKIM BEY *

Fatimid Caliphs	Old Man of the Mountain	Nizari Imams
IX. 19. Musta'li	I. Hasan-i Sabbah	19. Nizar
X. 20. Amir	II. Kiya Buzurg Ummid	20. Hadi (Concealed Imams)
XI. 21. Hafez	III. Muhammad ibn Kiya Buzurg	21. Muhtadi (Concealed Imams)
XII. 22. Zafir		22. Qahir (Concealed Imams)
XIII. 23. Fa'iz		IV. 23. Hasan II
XIV. 24. Adid		V. 24. Nur al-Din Muhammad II
Pretenders: 25. Da'ud; 26. Sulayman Badr al-Din; 27. Daud ibn Sulayman; 28. (? The Qa'im al-Hafezi ?)		VI. 25. Jalal al-Din Hasan III
		VII. 26. Ala al-Din Muhammad III
		VIII. 27. Rukn al-Din Khurshah
		28. Shams al-Din Muhammad

Rashid Sinan (Syria)

"Blameworthy Sufism" ?

Later Nizari Imams

The Agha Khans

Templars

Freemasons

British Intelligence

Brion Gysin

William Burroughs

Black Freemasonry

Noble Drew Ali

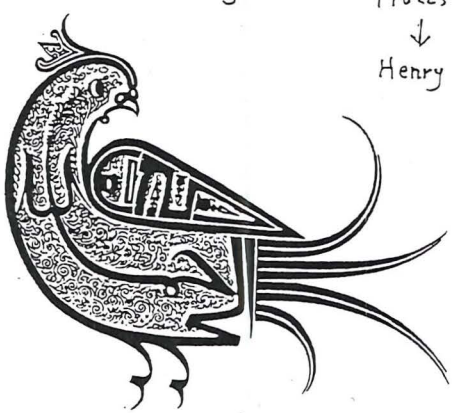
Moorish Orthodox Church

Walid al-Taha

Rosicrucians

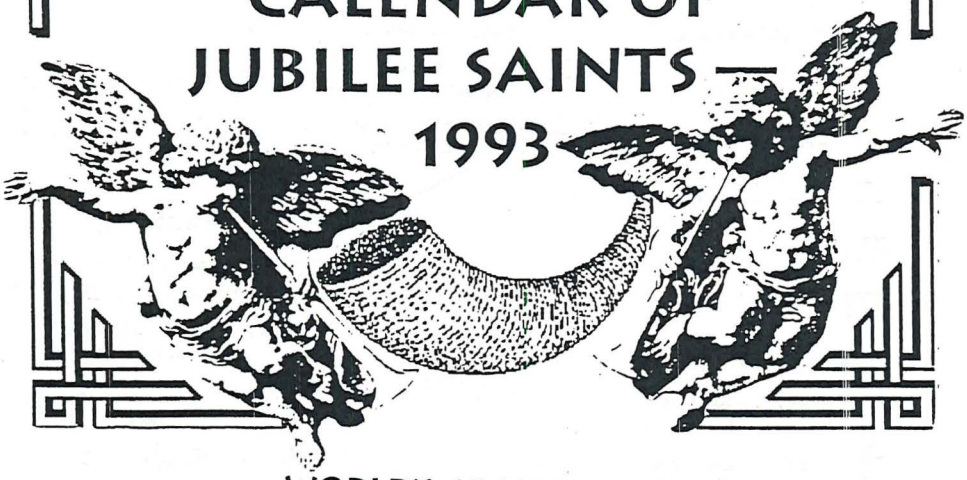
Protestant Mystics

Henry Corbin



* SOON TO BE A PAMPHLET !

THE AUTONOMEDIA CALENDAR OF JUBILEE SAINTS — 1993



WORLD'S GRAND JUBILEE CALENDAR OF SAINTS

It now appears that the United States Christopher Columbus Quincentenary Jubilee Commission has been so battered by storms of controversy, by scandal, corruption and mismanagement, that it is almost sure to sink before reaching its destination. This means that the ongoing concept of Jubilee is now entirely up to us. This is probably for the best, of course. They really didn't have the slightest idea of what Jubilee is supposed to be. We could have made a great fuss and demanded some of their funding, but why bother?

Instead, we began by sending out a Call for Nominations to Sainthood, and continued to collect names, birthdays, portraits of saints, unusual holidays, etc., until we felt we had enough for a 1993 Jubilee Calendar. Here's how it works. *Every day is a HighHoliday.* There's something or someone to party for on every single day of the year. Ideally, 1994 would have an *entirely different* set of Saints and Holy Days, and so on through the ten years of the Jubilee. And we certainly don't propose this 1993 saintly crowd as permanent lease-holders! We're not even sure we agree with all the nominations (as usual, we suffer from the same afflictions as the disease we oppose: not enough women, ethnic underrepresentation, severe Western bias, etc., etc.), but we took a lax and latitudinarian stance toward the sanctification process. Besides, we had a deadline to meet! The Catholics used up two millenia to carry out the work we did in a year!

We hope to publish further editions of the Jubilee Calendar, however, so we ask you to *keep on nominating saints!* Send us a picture, relevant dates, and data for each proposed saint (for the Nominating Form, see the last page of this Calendar). If you don't agree with one of our choices, paste a saint or holiday of your own into the relevant space — heaven forbid that even a day should go by in your life without some reason to celebrate.

And now, let the good times roll!

Peace Be With You,
The Sacred Congregation for Universal Jubilation

(from the introduction)

HELP US OUT WITH OUR UPCOMING CALENDARS BY ASSISTING IN THE NOMINATION OF ADDITIONAL JUBILEE SAINTS.

PLEASE COPY THE ACCOMPANYING FORM TO OFFER ANY NUMBER OF CANDIDATES YOU WISH, AND TO CIRCULATE ADDITIONAL COPIES TO FRIENDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

NOTE: SAINTS NEED NOT HAVE LIVED IN THE LAST 500 YEARS. THEY NEED NOT HAVE ANY DIRECT CONNECTION WITH THE NEW WORLD. LIVING PERSONS MAY NOT QUALIFY FOR SAINTHOOD. NO POPES OR HEADS OF STATE, PLEASE.

THE DECISIONS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CAUSES OF SAINTS WILL BE FINAL ONLY IN THE CONTEXT OF THE AUTONOMEDIA CALENDAR, WHICH IS MEANT TO BE SPIRITUALLY NOURISHING AND INSPIRATIONAL, NOT AUTHORITATIVE OR EXHAUSTIVE.

THE DEADLINE FOR OUR 1994 CALENDAR IS MARCH 1, 1993! PLEASE HURRY!

JUBILEE SAINTHOOD NOMINATION FORM

1. SPONSOR: (YOU MAY BE ANONYMOUS IF YOU PREFER)

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COUNTRY _____ TELEPHONE _____

2. NAME OF CANDIDATE (GROUPS WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED):

_____

3. PROPOSED FEAST DAY: _____

REASON FOR DAY (BIRTH, DEATH, EVENT): _____

4. ALTERNATE FEAST DAY: _____

REASON FOR ALTERNATE DAY _____

5. BRIEF ARGUMENT FOR INCLUSION: _____

_____

6. BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH: _____

_____

7. SUGGESTED SYMBOLS AND MOTIFS FOR ARTWORK: _____

_____

Bibliographic references and supporting materials are *very* welcome. We especially seek *portraiture* and other graphic work, original or copies, in color or black and white. Documents, quotations or miscellaneous ephemera will all be very helpful. Thanks in advance for your help.

PLEASE SEND YOUR NOMINATIONS TO:

JUBILEE SAINTS, C/O AUTONOMEDIA, POB 568, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11211 USA

NOMEN EST OMEN

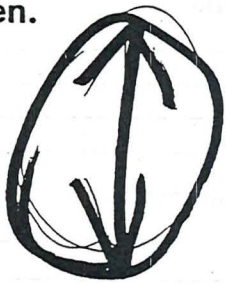
168 A EUCLID ave Toronto Ont M6J 2J9 Canada
fax(416)364-1421

nov 29, 1992

Dear Slaves of Free Spirit!

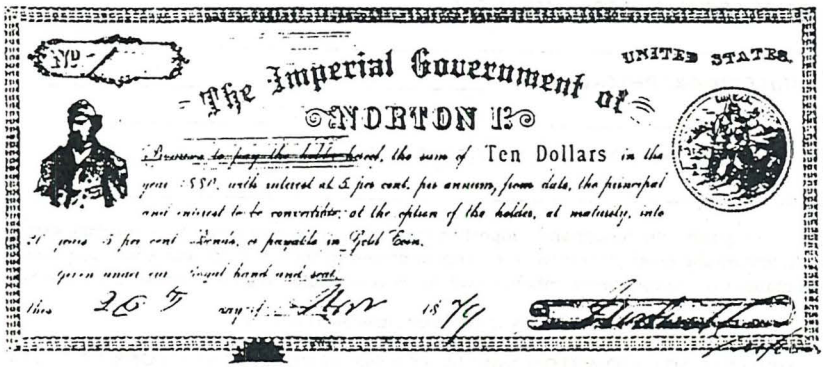
We salute what is lowest in you!
We are known to be rooted in false-myth, fake-legend and artificial folklore. For us, life has two essential factors: the ability to confuse the community through ritual irritainment and vecstatic performance, and collective conspiracy in the ultra-dramatized, unspoken and tasteless forms. The impact of our way of life has two important aspects: the fundamental idea that all life, experience and existence is without frontiers or boundaries, and the foundational idea of glorifying the revolutionary moments of subjective metabolism.
We can't send you greetings because we are at war. The fight is between expression and suppression. Our only reflection is that we don't like the way the world is. And there are only two old items for us: total freedom or death. Our proposal is total freedom. This letter is a promotional announcement. Do you really need more information about our fuckoff business?
We are for Never Ending Zerowork Jubilee!
In the name of NEOISM?!.

Amen.



"!NO OKI !NO DOKI"

Neoist?! Refugee Forces / Union of Alienated City-zens / Overnational Socialist Party
Voice Gun Music / Maldoror Records / Monty Cantsin? Management / Coup d'état



THE MONASTERY presents

ZEROWORK JUBILEE

aug 12 all slaves are freed wednesday

ZEROWORKS!
New Spirit New Signs New Opening
MARTYRDOM AND SAINTHOOD
A Group Exhibition of Local and International Zeroworkers
6 O'CLOCK SHARP

LATER ON BUT ALSO AT 6 O'CLOCK
opening concert:
The OFFICIAL ZEROWORK JUBILEE Orchestra
from BalTimOre(MD) us@
atavistic electronics/mytho-gossip music

aug 13 all debts are cancelled thursday

FILMS and VIDEOS
from Temporary Autonomous Zones
Part I: Relics
6 O'CLOCK=9PM

LATER
Monty Cantsin?: a name for your gravestone!
LIVE WITH AMEN. FROM NOW-HERE

aug 14 all prisoners are released friday

FILMS and VIDEOS
from Temporary Autonomous Zones
Part II: Icons
6 O'CLOCK=9PM

LATER
The DEVIL's CHAUFFER World Campaign
LIVE WITH ROGER ELY, FROM NYC

aug 15 all fields lay fallow saturday

The JUBILEE SAINTHOOD PARTY
Frater Sir Spinner Fine Vinyl DJ
Tears by Virgin Mary
Surprise Martyrs
FROM 6 O'CLOCK=9PM

ANTI-FAMINE BREAD SERVICE OM TAKA TAKA
Jubilee dispatcher Nomen Est Omen

THE MONASTERY

50 WABASH TORONTO (416)535-5523

The First International

ZEROWORK JUBILEE

aug 12-16 1992

The time of renewal has come. The Empire of Lies is exposed. The chains of the law are broken. The Millenium, the Kingdom of Zerowork is here and now - a timeless universal Jubilee. It's always 6 o'clock!!

In the ancient tradition, Jubilee was celebrated every fiftieth year. It was supposed to be a great festival of social leveling, a time when all debts were cancelled, lands were returned to their traditional inhabitants, slaves and prisoners were set free, all taxes were suspended, fields lay fallow, gleaning rights were extended to all, people quit their labors and joined all manner of feasting and revelry.

ZEROWORK JUBILEE intends to reintroduce the meaning of Jubilee, and, with a five days celebration at the Monastery, we want to proclaim the beginning of a convulsive new epoch, the Kingdom of Zerowork, a Grand Jubilee of endless duration. We urge you to quit your jobs, leave the offices and the factories, close the gates of the academies, stop the machines of work and war and join us with full devotion and zeal to zerowork. Total zerowork is what we are calling for, and we're not baking down from that goal.
A Jubilee is a Jubilee. NEOISM?! is NEOISM?!. It's written in the Bible.
Amen.

ONE CLOCK FOR ALL!

I'm creating a certain image of NEOISM?! of my own choosing. In choosing myself, I choose NEOISM?!. I have been appointed to impose my conception of NEOISM?! on humanity. Because NEOISM?! means that an individual chooses and makes herself. But it is impossible for humanity to transcend the subjectivity of NEOISM?!. NEOISM?! precedes essence.

NEOISM?! exists, turns up, appears on the scene, and, only afterwards, or never, defines itself. If NEOISM?! is indefinable, it is because at first it is nothing. Only afterward will it be something.

NEOISM?! is actually the least scandalous, the most austere of doctrines. It is intended strictly for conspirators. But the word has been so streched and has taken on so broad a meaning, that it no longer means anything at all. Most people who use the word would be rather embarrased if they had to explain it.

We are charged with denying the reality and seriousness of human undertakings, and that we put the emphasis on the dark side of human life. Consequently, NEOISM?! is regarded as something ugly, it has been charged with dwelling on human degradation, with pointing up everywhere the sordid, shady, and slimy, and neglecting the gracious and beautiful, the bright side of humanity.

If NEOISM?! would exist, everything impossible would become possible.

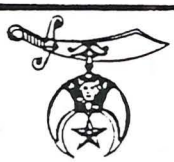
NEOISM?! is the natural philosophy of the doss-house.
NEOISM?! is the father of all things.
The idea of NEOISM?! is as old as life itself, for life is only preserved because other living things perish through NEOISM?!.

NEOISM?! dislikes regular work. NEOISM?! refuses to work, goes off to a café to eat cream cakes and read newspapers., and for the next fivehundred years it chooses to bury itself in obscurity.

NEOISM?! is a short cut to success.

back issues of:

The Moorish Science Monitor



BAD FUN
REVELATION
TAINTED PLEASURES

SEX LORE
HETERODOXY
FORBIDDEN WISDOM

featuring:
HAKIM BEY, THOM METZGER, JACOB RABINOWITZ,
HARPOCRATES BEN ISHMAEL BEY, USTAZ TA'AMI 3X.

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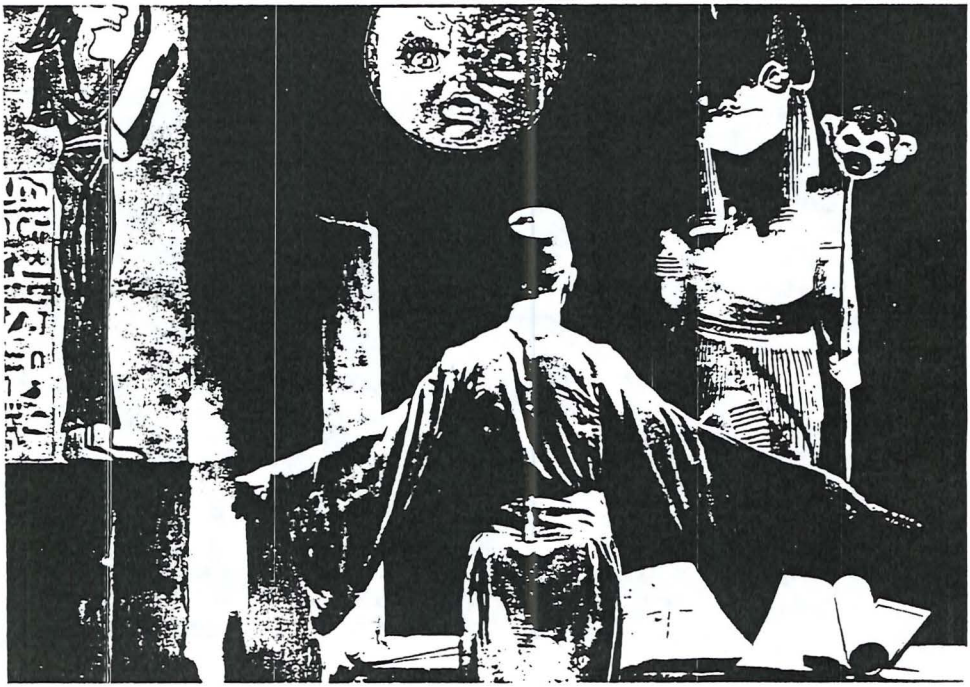
Write for catalog of current Zigguret offerings



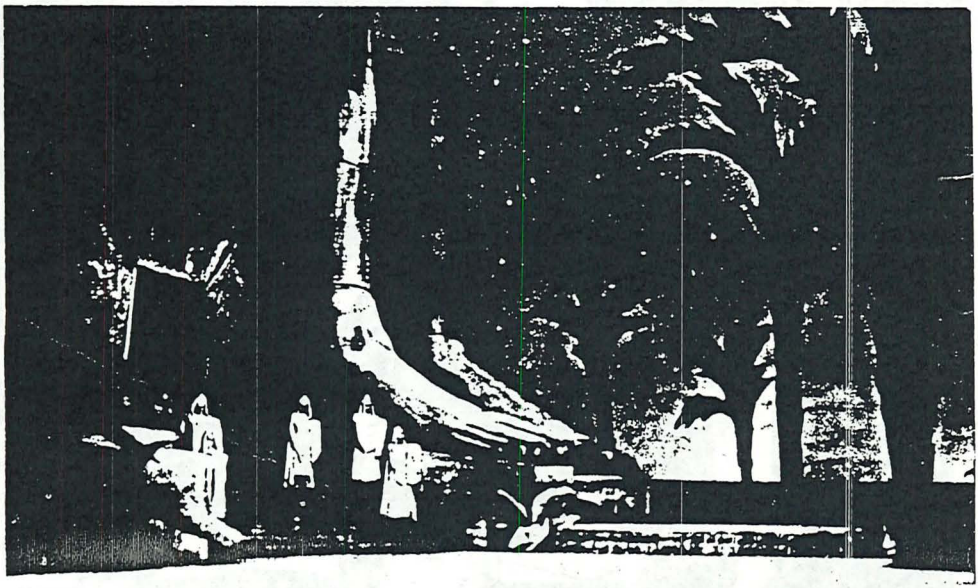
Many thanks to all who sent material.
If you want me to try again, send more stuff.
Until then, nominate lots of saints for the 1994 calendar.
Photocopy the form and spread it around.
Read RadioSermonettes by the Moorish Orthodox Radio Crusade Collective.(Libertarian Book Club, New York, 1992. You can get it from Left Bank Distribution, 4142 Brooklyn NE, Seattle WA 98105, (206) 632-5870)
If you'd like any of my lovely, full-color postcards (nine different designs), send a suitable SASE with sufficient postage, mention the Monitor, and I'll stuff it for you.
I also have: HISTORY AND CATECHISM OF THE MOORISH ORTHODOX CHURCH (8pages, $1.00, postpaid)

THE CHRONICLE OF HIGHER JUBILATION - an introduction to the Jubilee Saints Project. (12 pages, $1.00, postpaid)

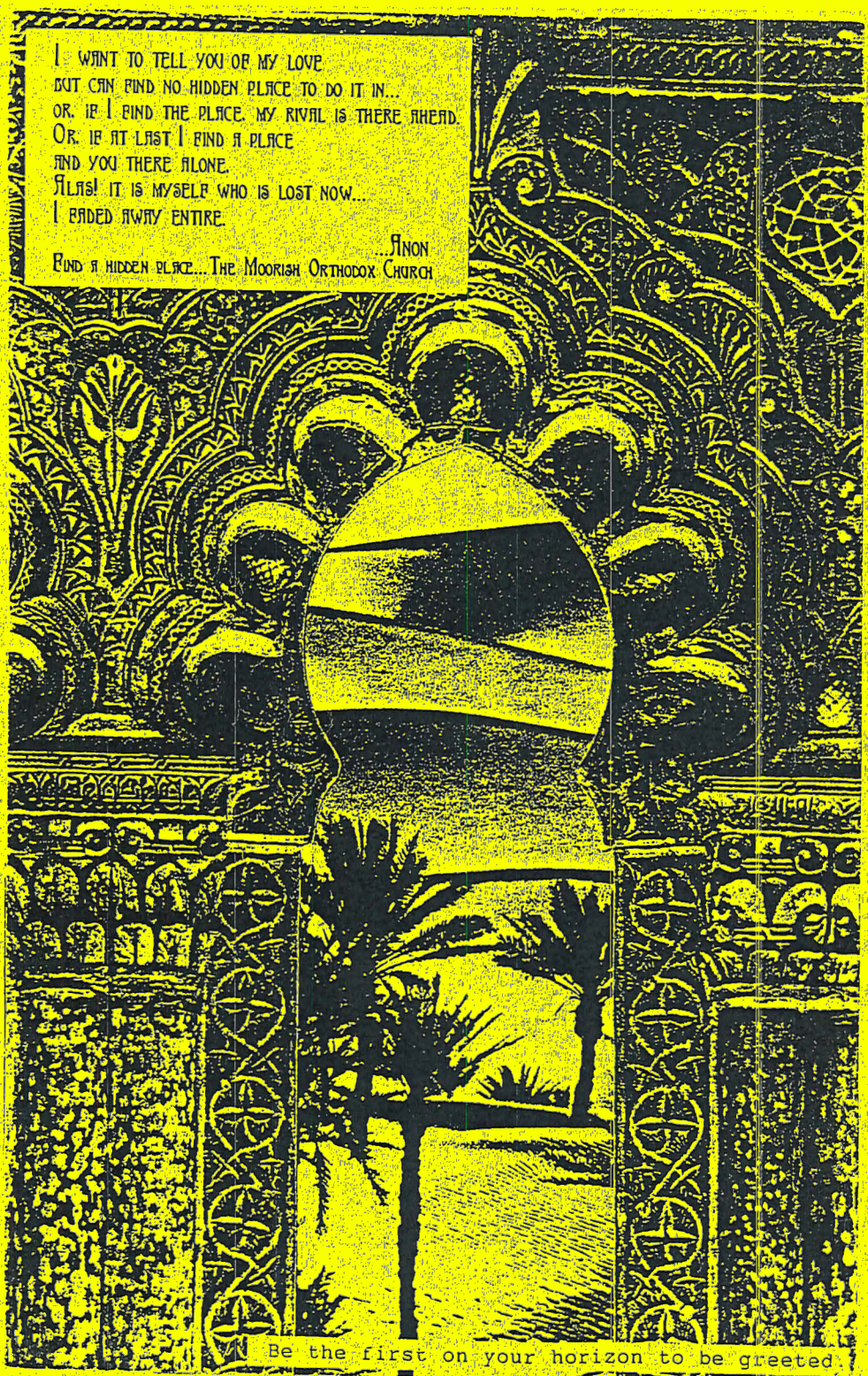
THE LEGEND OF THE GREAT DISMAL MAROONS (40 pages, profusely illustrated, $5.00, postpaid)

James Koehnline
P.O. Box 85777
Seattle, WA 98145-1777

Calendars are available from Left Bank Distribution (see above).



NOBLE DREW ALI
(1886 - 1929)
Diploma
of the
Adept Chamber
of the
Holy Moorish Orthodox Temple
("Third Paradise")



Be the first on your horizon to be greeted.